June 22, 1929

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

# IT TAKES 10 OTHER CARS TO GIVE YOU THESE STUTZ ADVANTAGES

## AND STUTZ STILL HAS 4 MAJOR FEATURES ALL ITS OWN

It is an unwritten law of automobile advertising not to print a competitor's name ... All right—Stutz will play by rule.

But the fact that ten different features are separately advertised by ten different cars—the fact that each of these features is somewhere made the substance of a whole advertising campaign—can hardly keep us from saying, "You get ALL TEN on the Stutz—and you get many more major features on Stutz and Blackhawk cars—which only these two cars combine."

Here are the features. If you've liked them on some other car—see what goes with them on a Stutz.

Car "A"—VALVE-IN-HEAD—The Stutz eight cylinder motor has always been a valve-in-head, freed from the noise of rocker arms.

Car "B"—SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND—For four years, this has been a part of Stutz leadership in safety.

Car "C"—4-SPEED TRANSMISSION—There's something worth talking about. We predict that cars without this improvement will be as obsolete as cars without four-wheel brakes, within less than two years. Stutz and Blackhawk give you a transmission with four forward speeds.

Car "D"—DUAL CARBURETION. Car "E"—DOUBLE-DROP FRAME. Car "F"—ONE-THRUST LUBRICATION. Car "G"—TWIN IGNITION. Car "H"—RYAN-LITES—these features are all on the Stutz.

Car "I"—OVERHEAD CAM—192 wearing surfaces are eliminated by this Stutz feature used in only one other American car—and it sells for three times the price.

Car "J"—WORM DRIVE—The adoption of this superior final drive has made Stutz and Blackhawk safety possible. This type of drive is used on costly European cars.

STUTZ LOW-WEIGHTED SAFETY—The greatest advance in car design since the engine was moved from beneath the seat and put under the hood. Stutz lowers the floor line 20%—which gives the lowest center of gravity on any American car.

STUTZ NOBACK—Automatically keeps the Stutz and Blackhawk from rolling backwards—makes it as easy to shift gears or accelerate from a standing start on any upgrade as it is on the level.

STUTZ BOOSTER BRAKES—Operate with the lightest pedal pressure—and antiquate existing standards of deceleration.

STUTZ SIDE-BUMPER RUNNING BOARDS—Stutz and Blackhawk running boards are of heavy steel, integral with the frame instead of being suspended on fragile brackets—a tremendous protection for car and passengers in case of side collision.

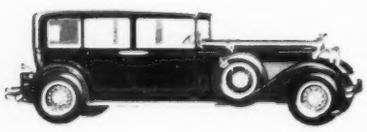
What a combination of safety with performance!

NO WONDER STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK SALES have increased 172% this year in that criterion market—New York! In its concepts of beauty—in its haughty command of every road—Stutz is a leader which appeals to leaders. This is eloquently recorded in the fact that New Yorkers have increased their orders for the Stutz 172% over the same period last year.

Take the wheel of one of these remarkable cars—drive it any distance—and we predict that "Stutz" or "Blackhawk" will be your next car's name.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Stutz is priced at $3395 to $6895 f. o. b. factory; Blackhawk prices, recently reduced, are $2395 to $2735—the greatest values in motordom



STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

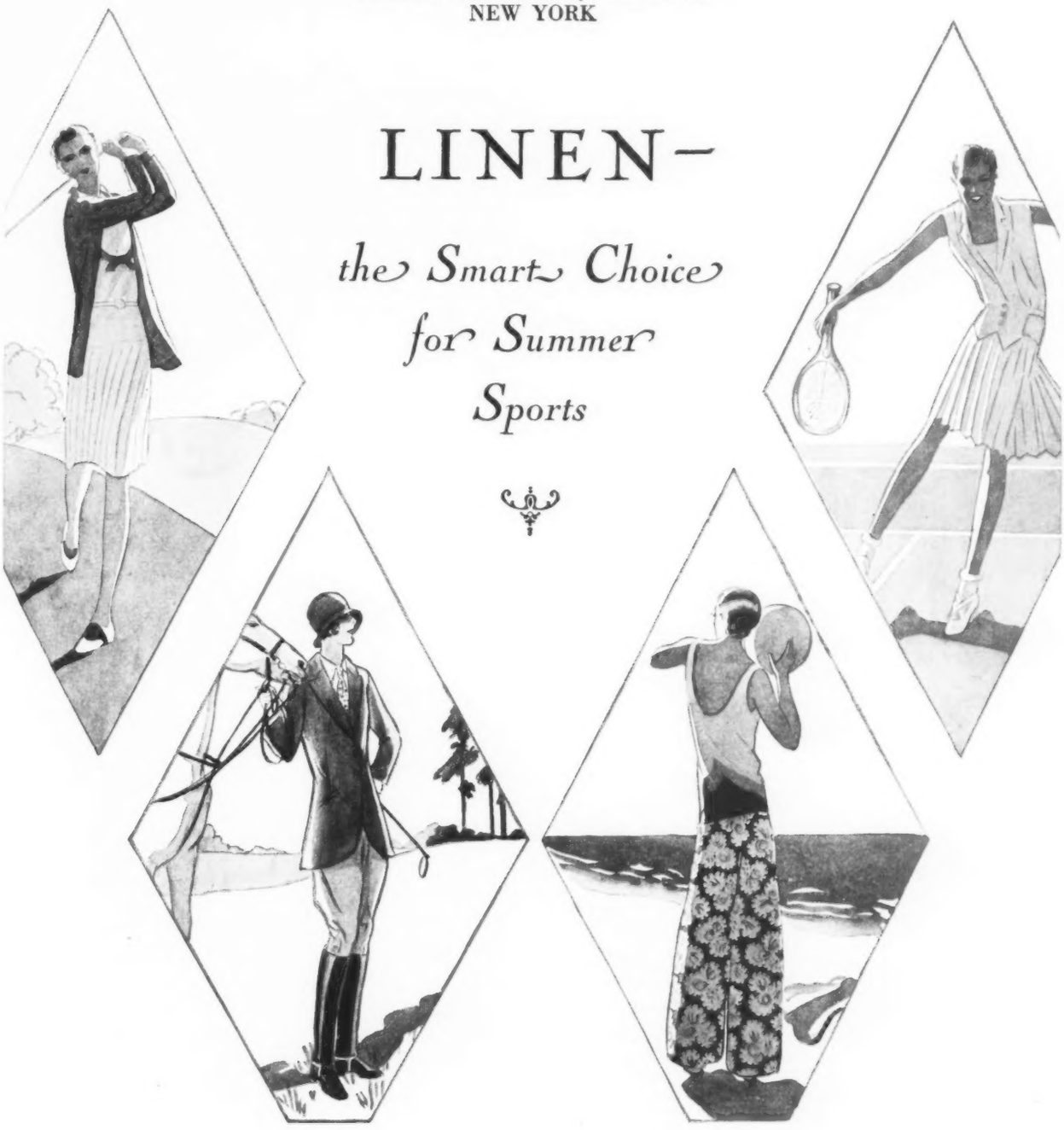
NO OTHER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY CAN TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

FIFTH AVENUE AT
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

# B. ALTMAN & CO.

TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

MADISON AVENUE AT
THIRTY-FIFTH STREET



# LINEN—

## *the Smart Choice for Summer Sports*

For tennis—a sleeveless frock with plaits for freedom . . . . . $19.50

On the course—a sleeveless frock with high or low back, and an accompanying cardigan . $29

Riding—breeches in natural linen, coat in dark brown linen . . . . . $22

On the beach—pajamas with sun back blouse and cardigan . . . . . $16.75

**ALL SPORTS APPAREL — THIRD FLOOR**

The FRIGIDINE non-metallic heater stays cool, there is no hot discomfort during the wave. The scientifically designed Templettes insure a soft lustrous wave.

# For Your Summer Permanent Wave

## ask for Frigidine—The Cool Method of Permanent Waving, softer, safer, it brings new life and beauty to the hair

Now that hair is longer, worn softer about the face, it is more important than ever to have a permanent wave that lies in shining, flawless waves, the hair glistening with health and soft as silk. ¶ No matter how great the artist you go to Frigidine will give you a lovelier wave. Waving at a lower temperature, there is no excessive heat to dry out the hair, making it dull, brittle and lifeless. Gentle steam shapes and sets wide silky waves, saturates the hair with elements that make it stronger and softer and give it new lustre and sheen. Frigidine is so safe and good for the hair that hairdressers now give charming permanent waves to women with hair it has not been possible to wave successfully before. White, bleached and dyed hair are as safely waved as normal hair. And you can have a new wave with Frigidine at any time without waiting for the old wave to grow out. Scientifically designed to benefit the hair Frigidine has banished every drawback of the ordinary methods of permanent waving. ¶ Send for the Courtesy Card entitling you to a Free Test Curl with Frigidine. The Test Curl is the waving of one lock of hair on your head with a Frigidine machine. It shows you the cool comfort of Frigidine and eliminates beforehand all uncertainty as to the success of your wave. It also tells the operator how to wind the rest of your hair and how long to steam it to give you just the wave you want.

FRIGIDINE

*The COOL Method of Permanent Waving*

Please send me a Courtesy Card to present to one of the hairdressers you specify for a free TEST CURL by the FRIGIDINE Method of Permanent Waving. Also send me the booklet "Why a Test Curl With Frigidine."

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

FRIGIDINE METHOD, Dept. M-V 7, FRIGIDINE, INC., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 18, June 22, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

# June... July... and Jackets

## $8.94

NOW is the time . . . a thermometer that throbs one minute, and drops chillingly the next . . . backless, sleeveless frocks, and jackets.

**PIQUE**—three quarter length, printed in red, yellow, blue, green, and capucine and brown, on white. Sizes 14 to 20.

**FLANNEL** — double breasted, with beautiful lines in the back. Red, navy, brown, beige, green, white. 14 to 20.

**HOMESPUN**—*Whitbey jacket, which comes also in silk. In brown, green, blue, red, black, maize, white. 14 to 42.

**SILK**—a graceful jacket with a bow-tied hipline. In brown, red, bright blue, capucine, billiard green, black. 14 to 42.

**PRINTED LINEN**—a jacket with revers and other tailored aspects. In brown, blue, red or green on white. 14 to 40

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THIRD FLOOR, EAST BUILDING

**MACY'S**
34th Street and Broadway
New York

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 29. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

### *THE THEATRE*

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### *PLAYS*

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an insignificant Cinderella play but does it beautifully. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JONESY—The turmoil of a college-boy's vacation exaggerated into a diverting farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Pleasant comedy in which a father runs away with his baby. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Miss Barrymore gleams through a weepy comedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

NICE WOMEN—A wisecracking flapper gets her millionaire. (Longacre, 48, W.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed in a fine play. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

#### *WITH MUSIC*

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Annual satirical review of Broadway's theatrical season, and not quite as bright as it usually is. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Venice? Hardly. But you'll find typical Shubert revue numbers, broad comedy, the tumbling Michons, and Ted Healy. (Shubert, 44, W.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb; Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

### DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

VAUDEVILLE—Joe Frisco will be at the Palace, Fri., June 21; also Sophie Tucker, who will continue there through the week starting Sat., June 22. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

### *FOR DINING AND DANCING*

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing during dinner in the Renaissance Restaurant.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban's modernistic decorations and Emil Coleman's orchestra. Dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre rendezvous, with Miss Johne Clare, and Brooks and Ross entertaining.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—For dancing after the theatre; usually a gay, civilized crowd.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Popular after-theatre place; with Dan Healy and others entertaining.*

PIERRE'S, 290 Park (Murray Hill 1081)—Dinner dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Cool and attractive; Rudy Vallée, in person, and his band, after the theatre.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), redecorated as a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. only. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), a magnificent view and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type staying open in summer: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with a roof that slides back on hot nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 54, where Morton Downey croons.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave.

(Continued on page 6)

# DOBBS

## THOSE YOUTHFUL SLEEVELESS SUMMER DRESSES

*Cleverly placed pleats distinguish this fine piqued dress.* $16. → → *The charming flat crepe frock is stitched in a most original manner.* $30. → → *Dobbs imported silk broadcloth crepe fashions a model featuring the new sunburn decolletage and inverted pleat.* $30.

A triumphant trio from an infinitely varied collection of charming, washable sleeveless dresses—a fashion worn by madame and mademoiselle for every phase of active and spectator sports. Dobbs presents the smartest exponents of this prevalent mode—fashioned and finished with the distinction always associated with Dobbs. In white and pastel shades.

**FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET**

(Continued from page 4)

at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few of the better roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Sq.: Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dancing and refreshments on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 1:30 A.M. (Sat. 2:30). . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan's summer home; open until 2 A.M. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

### *MOTION PICTURES*

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—The underworld and its ways again. Expertly and dramatically photographed, and exciting enough for anyone. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; starting Sat., June 22; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

BETRAYAL—Emil Jannings in a mild silent picture distinguished by his acting of a Swiss burgomaster. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. and Wed., June 25 and 26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—A diverting tale of various horrors, with especially good photography to heighten the effects, and Ronald Colman as the young hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE COCOANUTS—Uproarious comedy by the Brothers Marx, but the music and dancing are nothing much. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; Fri., June 21, last day; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—A picture rather on the idea of "Beau Geste," worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels giving a fine performance in a very good talkie of Maugham's play. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., June 27 and 28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Madame X," devised from the famous heartbreak drama and beautifully acted by Ruth Chatterton; "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Norma Shearer tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth; "The Valiant," Paul Muni lifts above the average this tragic picture of a condemned man.

### *ART*

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group, Davies, Inness, Homer, Lawson, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns, Derain, Matisse, etc. in a summer show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE FRENCH—Inspiring show of work by Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, and other moderns: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

SUMMER SHOW—Some unknown natives and foreigners: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take

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B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern P'kway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

### *MUSIC*

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

### *ON THE AIR*

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., June 22 and 29, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

OPERA—"The Geisha," light opera: Sun., June 23, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Pagliacci:" Mon., June 24, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

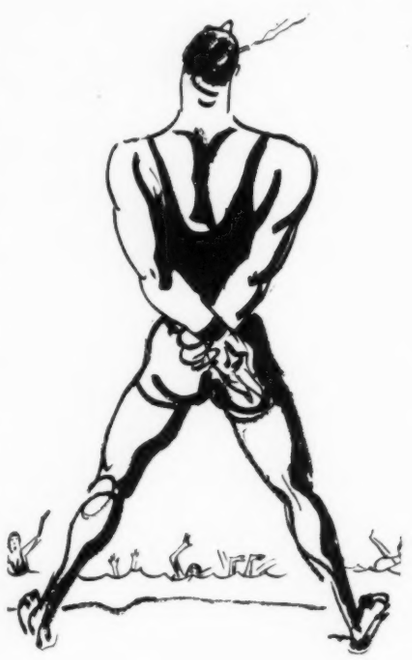
RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., June 23, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA—Broadcast from Poughkeepsie, Mon., June 24, starting about 6:30 P.M., over WABC.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra, broadcast from Los Angeles: Tues., June 25, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

### *SPORTS*

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 21 and 22, at 1:30 P.M. (double-



headers), and Sun., June 23, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Mon. through Wed., June 24-26, at 3:15 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. and Fri., June 27 and 28, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., June 29, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Max Schmeling vs. Paolino Uzcudun, heavyweights, 15 rounds: Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Eve., June 27; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout about 9:45 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

CREW RACES—Yale-Harvard Regatta, Thames River, New London, Conn., Fri., June 21. Freshman race at 10 A.M., immediately followed by junior varsity race. (Observation train leaves New London Sta. at 9:40 A.M.) The four-mile varsity race will be rowed upstream starting from the drawbridge at 7 P.M. (Observation trains leave New London Sta. at 6:30 P.M. Last connecting train leaves Grand Central at 3 P.M. Special train leaves New London for New York immediately after the return of the observation train.) . . . Intercollegiate Regatta, Hudson River, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mon., June 24; California, Columbia, Cornell, M. I. T., Navy, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Washington, and Wisconsin competing. Freshman race at 5:15, junior varsity at 6:15, and varsity at 7:15 P.M. (Special West Shore train leaves W. 42nd St. ferry at 1:22 P.M. and Weehawken at 1:45 P.M., arriving at Highland, N. Y., at 3:30 P.M. Observation train leaves Highland about 4.30 P.M. Special train returns to Weehawken after the races.)

DOG SHOWS—Westchester Kennel Club Show, Rye, N. Y., Sat., June 22. . . . Long Island Kennel Club, Huntington, L. I., Sat., June 29.

GOLF—New York State Open Championship, Westchester Biltmore C. C., Rye, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., June 21 and 22. . . . Intercollegiate Championship, Hollywood G. C., Deal, N. J., Tues. through Sat., June 25-29. . . . United States Open Championship, Winged Foot G. C., Mamaroneck, N. Y., Thurs. through Sat., June 27-29. Johnny Farrell starts off at 10:25 A.M. Thurs. and 1:40 P.M. Fri.; Bobby Jones, 10:45 A.M. Thurs. and 2 P.M. Fri.; Walter Hagen, 11:45 A.M. Thurs. and 8:35 A.M. Fri. (Trains leave Grand Central, lower level, for Mamaroneck, at 7:30, 8:40, and 10:27 A.M., and 12:30 P.M., taking 48 minutes.)

HORSE SHOWS—Huntington Bay Club Horse Show, Huntington, L. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 21 and 22. . . . Babylon Horse Show, Babylon, L. I., Fri. and Sat., June 28 and 29.

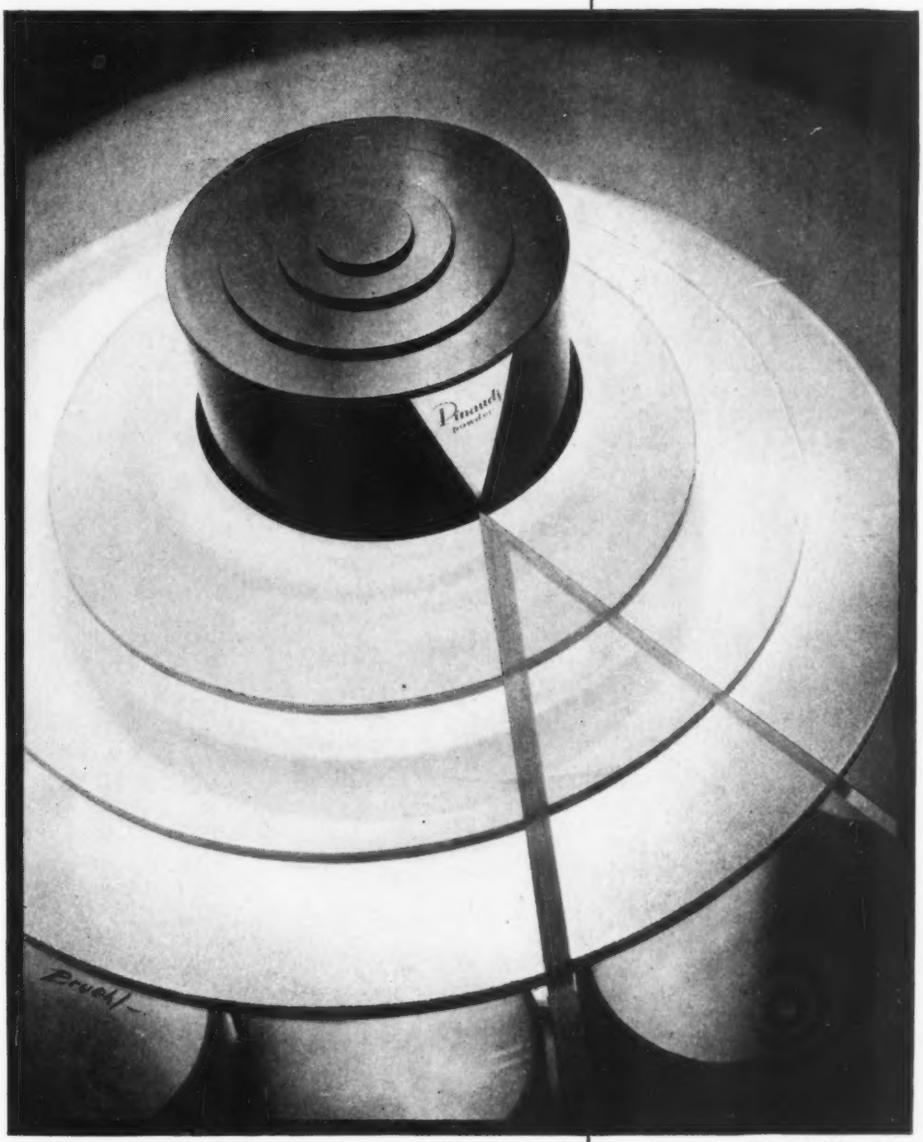
POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L. I.; play Sat., Tues., and Thurs. at 5 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 3:59 P.M.) . . . Intercollegiate Championship Matches, Philadelphia Country Club, Philadelphia, Sat. Afts., June 22 and 29 (finals), at 3 P.M. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Penn. Military College, and West Point are the entrants. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.) . . . Rockaway Hunt Club Tournament, Cedarhurst, L. I., opens Sat. Aft., June 22. . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

RACING—Aqueduct track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Intercollegiate Championship matches, Crescent A. C., Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 21 and 22. . . . Eastern Clay Court Championship for Men, N. Y. A. C., Travers Island, N. Y., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 21 and 22. . . . National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Mon. through Sat., June 24-29.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., Sat. Aft., June 22; Riverside Y. C., Sat. Aft., June 29.

OPEN IT! OPEN IT! INSIDE — A POWDER PREPARED ESPECIALLY




*Copyright Pinaud 1929*

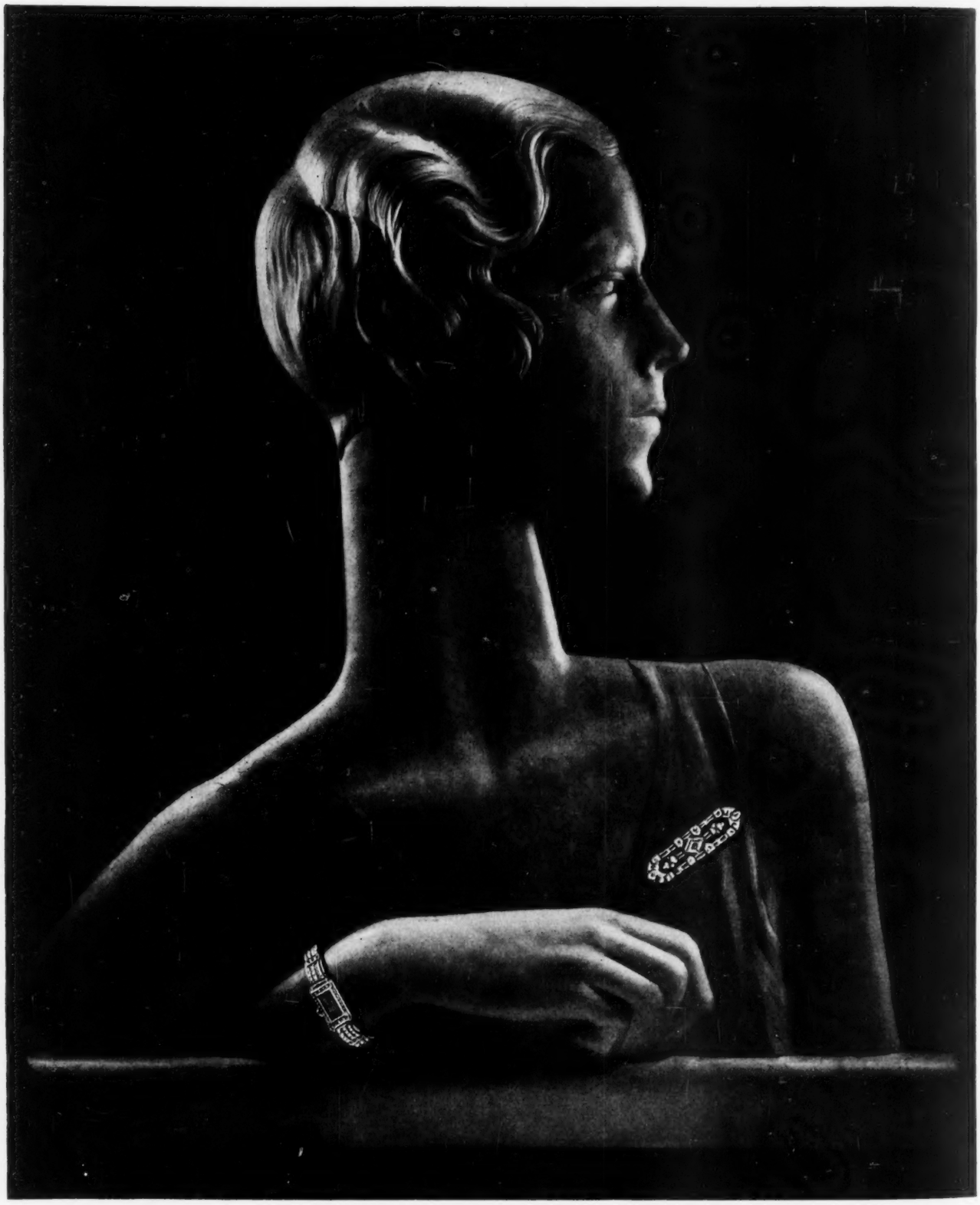
# for you by one of the great authorities of all time!

Based on Pinaud's century and a half of study of the skin . . . perfected after thousands on thousands of tests with every conceivable type of loveliness . . . never in all the history of Beauty has such a powder been known before! For it is made, not in one gradation, but in two: Type One for the "normal" or slightly oily skin; Type Two for the skin inclined to dryness. ∾ The result is exactly as though you had passed swiftly through some fragrant transfiguring cloud: it's you, not a coat of powder, one sees — and touches: but a You with skin so soft and radiant, so perfect in texture, so alluringly fresh and young that you can hardly believe your own eyes. ∾ Each type is made in six flattering shades as authoritative as the great European fashion centers that produced them. Two dollars the box — also a special "Introduction" Package — seventy-five cents. Ask for it at your favorite smart shop today.

the new powder

by Pinaud

PARIS · NEW YORK



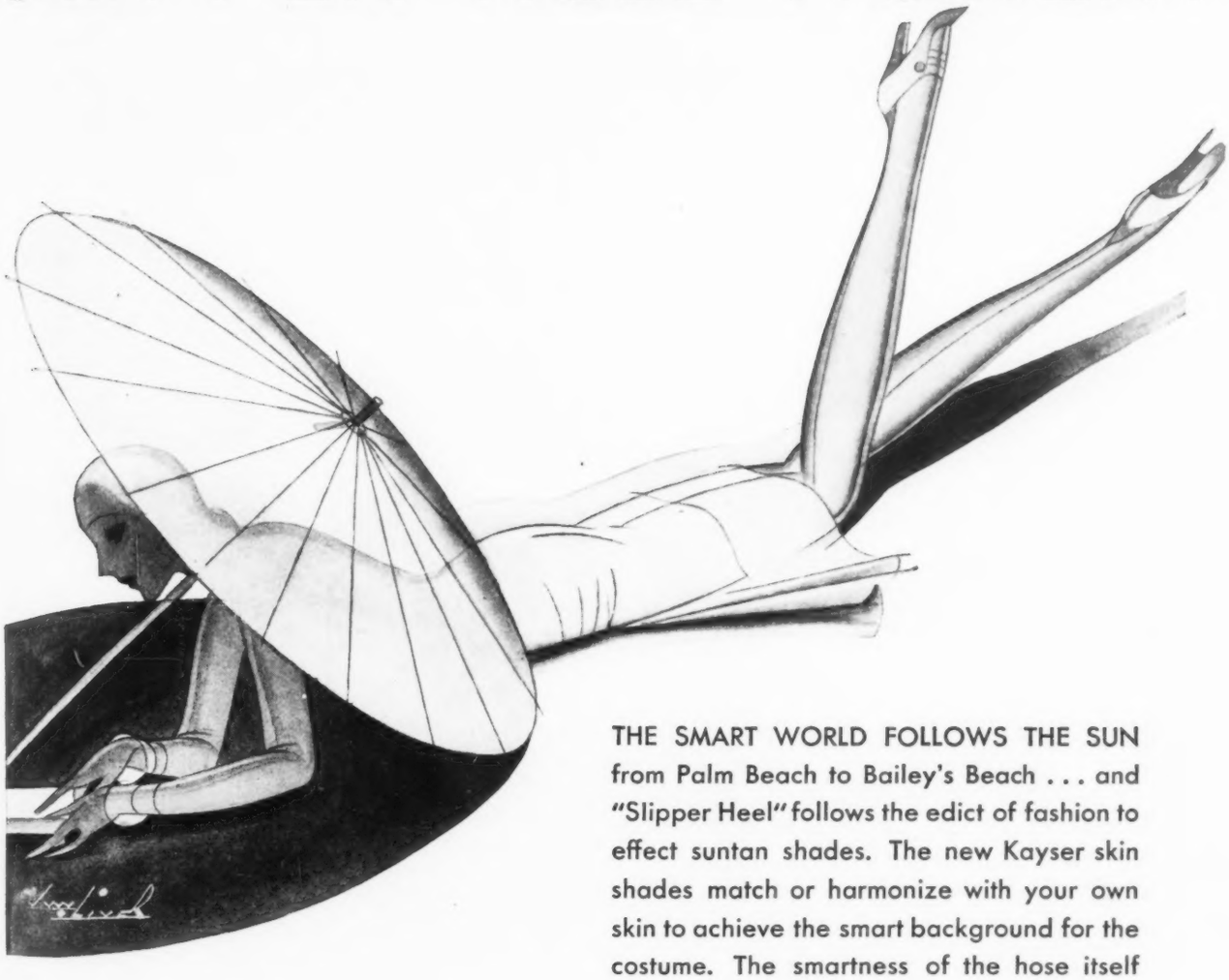
*The brooch combines diamonds and baguettes in a design of lustrous loveliness. $6,000 . . . The watch bracelet, also of diamonds and baguettes, combines a facile grace of artistry with a rigid accuracy of watchmanship. $5,700.*

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

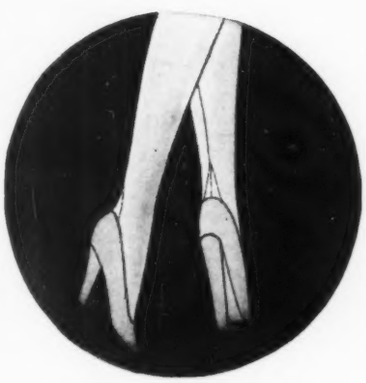
PALM BEACH ✣ ✣ NEWPORT 5TH AVE. AT 57TH ST., NEW YORK PARIS OFFICE, 48 RUE LAFAYETTE

# SLIPPER HEEL* HOSIERY



THE SMART WORLD FOLLOWS THE SUN from Palm Beach to Bailey's Beach . . . and "Slipper Heel" follows the edict of fashion to effect suntan shades. The new Kayser skin shades match or harmonize with your own skin to achieve the smart background for the costume. The smartness of the hose itself goes without saying, for it creates a slimmer, trimmer, ankle line . . . and its texture is so fine and clear that it creates the illusion of fine, satiny skin.

For service sheer weight 88X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 157X all silk chiffon is only $1.65. For formal wear 141X a 45 gauge, picot edge, at $1.95.



THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

*Sunskin* *Clearskin*
*Bareskin* *Roseskin*
*Beachskin* *Fairskin*
*Suntan*

Kayser

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

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## our spectator sports pump

*modern*···a pump created especially for one's spectator sports costumes···and already a favorite with women of fashion. white suede with polished tan calf trimming. (*edcon* with the 5-centimeter leather heel.) 15.50

**saks-fifth avenue**

**new york** **chicago**

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JUN 21 1923

THE NEW YORKER

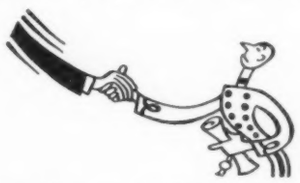
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN Chelsea, hard by the Seminary with its tower and its chimes, there lives (and maybe always has) a little old lady whose pride is a rose-bush fifty years old. Cerise and madder, the roses flame over a backyard fence behind Edwin Forrest's house. The bush was blooming when the oldest "L" cars were spick and span behind tootling dummy engines; it was blooming when the World Building was not only not the highest building in New York but hadn't been built at all. Beanstalk skyscrapers have grown up within earshot; but every spring, including this one, the scarlet tanager streaks above the roses and on into the ailanthus tree in the next yard, thrushes and warblers arrive unannounced, and the catbird mocks the cockney cats. This miracle astounds us, and we grow afraid, thinking of it. There is no pro-

vision in the city charter for people with fifty-year-old rose bushes. Anything might happen. A regional plan might come along, or a plague of locusts.

WE disagree with Secretary of War Good, who told the West Point graduating class that the profession of arms is "the most honorable of all professions." It used to be, but it isn't any more. One profession that is more noble today than that of soldier is that of Dissenting Justice of the Supreme Court. It's more honorable to be a dissenting justice than a brigadier general—more honorable because more important. Secretary of War Good charged his two hundred and ninety-nine brand-new lieutenants with the nobility of courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion to ideals. But not long ago Justice Holmes, dissenting from the opinion of the Supreme Court denying citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer, charged the people of the nation with

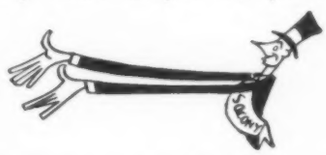


another kind of nobility. All West Point graduates should read his words, brighter than sword-thrusts: ". . . if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought we hate."

THERE has been a rumor that the Prince of Wales is going to marry a Swedish girl—his nineteen-year-old second cousin from Viking land. Windsor denies it but the lady has already issued a statement. "There is a great future for light seaplanes in Sweden," she told reporters. Ingrid is a nice girl, but where is the diplomacy in such a match? England and Sweden are getting along all right, and even if they weren't, it wouldn't matter much. We favor having the Prince marry a Chicago girl, cementing relations between the great United States

of America and the marvellous old British Empire, bringing the two English-speaking nations so close together it would be positively stuffy.

IN the last *Saturday Evening Post*, Mayor Walker, in cahoots with the Standard Oil Company of New York, extends a broad-scale invitation to the people of America to visit New York City this summer. With this bold step Jimmy joins the Endorsers' Club in a big way, because it turns out (when you read the ad) that New York not only offers tall buildings, museums, and the Statue of Liberty, but that the town itself is in the very heart of Socony-land. "We want you to come," said Mr. Walker. Now, just how did the Mayor arrive at that notion? *Who* wants *who* to come? In this hot season who wants a lot of readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* barging into town, cluttering up our already tangled transit lines, parking on our already crowded streets? Maybe Jimmy does. Maybe the John D.




("Socony") Rockefellers do. But what about us? Suppose we came right out and said that what we want is to be left alone, quietly watching cream dissolve in our iced coffee. What about the host of simple home-loving residents of this town to whom the sight of so much as one Socony visitor would serve only to accentuate the awful heat?

## *Hoover Story*

AMONG the White House guests one Sunday was a San Francisco businessman, Mr. Milton Esberg, old friend of the President. He and his wife accompanied the Hoovers to the

Quaker church they attend—or rather went on ahead, arriving a few minutes before the others. No sooner had Mr. Esberg taken a seat in the Hoover pew than a quiet old lady, sitting just behind, tapped him on the shoulder. "You are sitting on my pansies," she said accusingly. What was Mr. Esberg's surprise to find that he *was* sitting on the gentle lady's pansies. She had placed three or four purple ones on the seat in the hope that the President would sit on them and press them for her memory book. Since it all turned out so badly, the little old lady left the church on the arm of an usher, to return another day, possibly, with dahlias.

## *Children's Courtiers*

JUDGE HOYT, presiding justice of the Children's Court, is a soft-spoken, middle-aged man, who is somewhat distressed by recent publicity he has got. At just about the time the most beautiful girl in the world (Miss Universe) was being selected in Texas, the Hearst papers were taking photographs of Judge Hoyt as the winner of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar prize for a substitute for Prohibition. He ran about even with Miss Universe on publicity. The aftermath—phone calls, letters, vaudeville offers—has been keeping him busy. It annoys him, too—but he reads all the letters. Four out of five are complimentary, a few are savage attacks. One concluded: "In the name of your sainted grandsire, give back the tainted gold." Judge Hoyt is a grandson of Salmon P. Chase, once Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The prize-winner has lived quietly, up to now, in the Eighties, with his wife and two daughters—aged nine and ten. He has another home at New Hamburg on the Hudson and a pecan plantation in Georgia. Children's-court work is his career and his hobby; he has been at it twenty years. In that time he has dealt with more cases of juvenile delinquency than any other person in the world—about fifty thousand.

AN interesting aide of Judge Hoyt's, while we are on the subject of the Children's Court, is Mr. Eugene Weinberger, chief of the five interpreters there. You may see him almost any day, a short, bulky man, with an arresting countenance and a jaunty mustache, listening gravely, with his head on one side, to young foreign children talking gibberish. This he renders to the justice, in excellent English, with scarcely any accent. He interprets Italian, Spanish, Yiddish, German, Hungarian, Polish, Dutch, Russian, French, Bohemian, and Serbian in the course of an ordinary week. When necessary, which is less frequent, he can translate Chinese and Turkish quite fluently, and even Icelandic. Recently he has mastered modern Greek and Japanese.

Weinberger is of Hungarian extraction, but was born in Belgium, and studied at the University of Berlin, specializing in Chinese and Turkish in order to become a dragoman, or official interpreter, at embassies in the Near and Far East. During vacations from the university he visited Iceland and other out-of-the-way countries, studying their tongues. He has been three times around the world. In addition to serving as interpreter in many places, he has been a soldier, a diamond-cutter, and a businessman. He came here in 1906 and opened an agency for a group engaged in smuggling Russians across the border of their country and bringing them to this country. These activities were known in steamship circles as "the border business." Fifteen years ago he took up his present position. He left it in 1917 to establish the Censorship and Translation Office of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and, later, to discharge delicate secret missions in South America and Japan for the Department of Commerce and the Naval Intelligence Service. After the war he went to Europe to straighten out post-war financial difficulties for certain foreign banks in the United States. He refuses many offers of higher pay elsewhere because he likes the court work. For relaxation he reads Horace and Virgil, and works on a Basque grammar which he is preparing.

•

CITIZENS of Essex Fells, New Jersey, are getting pretty sick of life. They are tired of receiving letters addressed to Essex Fells—with a little marginal addendum: "and go boom."

## *Thoughtful*

DURING this year's convention of the National Garden Club, in Philadelphia, visiting dowagers were taken down to Wilmington to see the extensive and famous gardens of Pierre du Pont. After walking through miles of flowers they were told that dinner would be served in an hour. The ladies were then ushered into various bedroom suites where they beheld, to their amazement, rows of army cots arrayed against the walls. Maids explained: "Mr. du Pont realizes that conventions are fatiguing and thought you might wish to rest." Followed the rare spectacle of nearly a hundred of the country's most social ladies reclining upon army cots and enjoying it.

## *Toil and Trouble*

THE "Porgy" company had its troubles getting to England, we are told. It seemed simple at first. The Theatre Guild called up a steamship company and booked the entire cast, first cabin. The steamship people seemed quite happy about it. Subsequently, however, they were reminded that the entire cast of "Porgy" was colored and this was a pretty how-do-you-do, because, by the rules, negroes could not be carried in first class. The matter was adjusted by putting the actors in second cabin. Then up popped the devil in the form of a goat—the goat which, as those who saw the play will remember, is an important member of the cast. Everybody thought they had got around this when they hit upon the plan of listing him as a pet. This was legitimate, because he had been for years the mascot of one of the actors. It was discovered, however, that second-cabin travellers were not allowed pets. First-cabin passengers were, it was true, but not second, and at that the rules listed only cats and dogs as permissible. More distress and worry. Finally a genius of the

line, after much thought, solved it this way: The cast went second class, as planned, and the goat went first cabin, listed as a dog. His owner was allowed to visit him twice a week.

### *Semper Fidelis*

A YOUNG bride-to-be has, as she tells us, selected Madame Frances' dressmaking establishment in West Fifty-sixth Street to make her wedding gown, because of the fine old tradition of the place. During the twenty-odd years Madame Frances' has been in existence, not one of her brides has been divorced. The shop has kept a careful check of its brides, and is proud of them.

### *Expert*

AL SMITH and his colleagues are telling anecdotes of the famous old Turkish bath establishment called The Tub which recently closed down in Albany. It was a rendezvous for notables as long ago as the eighties, when Garry Benson, a great swimmer, was its proprietor. In those days The Tub had the only swimming pool in town. One morning a society matron brought her valuable water spaniel to Garry and asked how much it would cost to teach the dog to swim. She explained she was going to spend the summer at a lake. Garry examined the dog carefully, felt its chest, tested its legs, and opined he could make an expert swimmer of the animal in eight or ten lessons, at five dollars the lesson. He did, too. When summer came and the dog was taken to the lake he plunged joyfully in, unafraid, accomplished. The lady was grateful to Mr. Benson all her life.

*"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience—Casanova comes to you again over Station WOF—to tell you of his life and loves."*

### *Next to Godliness*

ONE man about midtown always refers to the Terminal Barber Shop in the Savoy-Plaza as Tony's. This is short for Anthony Comstock. The gentleman was in the shop the other day and while waiting, picked up a bound copy of the *Art News*. As he looked over the reproductions of the works of notable artists, he discovered that two pages had been torn out. Curious, he asked the manager of the shop why this had been done. "I took those two pages out myself," explained the official in low tones. "Nudes. You know we keep everything clean about this place." After he left the shop, the patron went straight and got an unexpurgated copy of the magazine, to learn that the deletions were of two exquisite reproductions of canvases by Arthur B. Davies.

### *High Adventure*

DR. NATHANIEL BRITTON, who after thirty years as director of the Botanical Garden is leaving it for a life of research among rare and exotic flora, is seventy now, active, richly tanned. He thinks that few careers offer higher adventure than the one he is taking up. He has already made many exciting explorations in all sorts of places. Once he headed a party which went to Curaçao in the West Indies to seek a legendary white-headed cactus. Dr. Britton could never find anybody who had seen one or who had seen anyone who had seen one and the only thing that lifted it above the level of pure myth was a line in an old Dutch volume which said a cactus with a white head was to be found on Curaçao. After much fruitless search down there the modern Gulliver was about to give up when he met an aged negro who said he had heard his grandmother mention a place where an unusual flower grew. Guided by this slim clue, the

party worked its way inland and was rewarded at last by coming to a valley dotted with white-headed cactuses.

Dr. Britton is probably the world's leading authority on cactuses. He has written four volumes on the subject, modestly called a monograph. It is a standard reference work. His interest in botany came rather late, however. In college he didn't care much about it, but after graduation he taught it, as a pleasant way to make a living. Later the subject engrossed him and the credit is his for making the Bronx Park garden what it is. When he took charge in the nineties it was chaos. His preference has always been for exploration, however. He was the first to discover primordial fossil plants in the West Indies. Thrills like that lure him back.

Mrs. Britton, who has been honorary curator of mosses at the Garden, will accompany him on his trips, as she usually has in the past, her interests paralleling his. Mrs. Britton attracted attention some years ago when a Dr. Wherry of the Department of Agriculture would have railroaded phlox into prominence as the national flower. She opposed this so forcefully that the department just let the whole idea drop.

## *Vings*

WHEN the Security Savings people erected an electric sign, the workmen started from the right side and worked back (they sometimes do). It happened that we passed by when only the last five letters were in place. Was it so surprising, then, that we thought the sign advertised a moving picture, aeronautical in theme, East Sideish in character?

## *Warm-Water Fish*

THE noses of goldfish are a little out of joint these days, tropical fish having been found to be more entertaining around the house. The guppyi, for example, is a nice little fish that responds to kind treatment. The female responds by bearing about two or three dozen little guppyis every couple of months. These are born alive, instead of from the egg, and are almost immediately devoured by the mother, who doesn't stop to think. The male guppyi is smaller than the female—less than an inch long—but is a handsome fish, with tiny green, purple, rose, and black spots. It looks like a miniature rainbow trout.

Guppyis are the rage in diplomatic Washington, and have gained quite a lot of ground in Park Avenue. We met an enthusiastic guppyi fancier recently, a Mr. V. P. Browning, who works for Abercrombie's. He told us about his own guppyis, which he feeds on water lice and on white worms, which he raises in milk-fed earth. He said the guppyi came originally from India and at one time was used in Italy and Spain to check malaria—it eats the larvae of mosquitoes. When an aquarium is kept properly balanced with growing plants rooted in sand, the guppyi gets along quite well. The young can swim fast the minute they are born, and if they have enough plants to hide in can elude their cannibalistic mother. In this they are assisted by their father, who chases their mother during childbirth, and so gives the children a chance to escape. This is a fairly exciting event to have happen in any household and, by comparison,

*"It just hasn't got It."*

goldfish seem like knicknacks. One lady who loves guppyis sat up (we know this for a fact) almost all night in an attempt to cut down the infant-mortality rate.

Incidentally, if you want to see what a good tropical tank looks like, there are some rather fine ones in the Hofbrau in Hoboken.

## *Heap Big Chief*

LESTER COHEN, who wrote "Sweepings" and "Great Bear," novels of family life, was signed up to do scenarios for the talkies and, soon after arriving in Hollywood, received a memorandum reading: "This will confirm your assignment to do an Indian story." Now Cohen had never written about Indians. He had, in fact, never seen one until a squaw tried to sell him beads at Albuquerque on his way west. Bewildered, he sought a friend long seasoned in Hollywood perplexities, and asked him what he made of it. The other thought for but a moment. "Sure," he said, "they think 'Great Bear' was an Indian."

## *Room with a View*

IN recent mention of plans for penthouses and roofs of new skyscrapers, we didn't tell about the proposed Irving Trust Building. The little top-floor dream of its architect has been kept more or less secret. The skyscraper, as may be known, will replace the famous Chimney Corner structure at the corner of Wall and Broadway. Its topmost penthouse, fifty stories above the street, will be made into a solarium lounge for the use of the bankers and their guests. It will be almost entirely glassed in—with a skylight, and long windows for walls, giving a fine view of Trinity churchyard and the financial district.

The wrecking of the present building to make way for the new one removes a noted landmark of this century. The Chimney Corner, so-called because of its narrowness, was built in 1906. It was but the fourth building to be put up on that corner in three hundred years. The first one, erected early in the seventeenth century, was the home of one Johannes Nevius. It was sold and resold several times, for such sums as a hundred pounds, and was finally deeded to its last owner "for love and affection and the sum of five shillings." The Irving Trust Company paid fifteen millions for the site.

## *New Era*

JUSTICE was administered in the Oriental style quite suddenly the other day at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 139th Street. A cop saw two men running toward him in such a manner that it became obvious to his trained eye that the man in the lead was being chased. He stopped them. "What's all this?" he demanded. It came out that the pursued was escaping with a pint bottle of rye which he had taken from the pursuer's speakeasy. "He wanted me to charge it," explained the speakeasy proprietor, "but I operate strictly cash." The cop took the pint of liquor. "What you askin' for this?" he demanded. "Two bucks," said the speakeasy owner. The officer addressed the other man. "What would you be willin' to pay cash?" he asked. The customer brought out a dollar and sixty-five cents—all he had. "Give it to him," instructed the cop. When the transaction had been completed the wise officer waved the two men and a small but enthusiastic crowd aside and strolled on, dreamily.

—THE NEW YORKERS

*"And she fainted right dead away."*

*"What, right in front of their butler?"*

*"Well—er—no, she didn't go as far as that."*

# BABY'S FIRST STEP

I RECEIVED a call this morning from a Mr. Aiken. He came to my apartment unheralded—a tall gray fellow, up from the warm street into my littered room.

"I am Mr. Aiken," he said, as he gained the top step. That was how I knew he was Mr. Aiken.

"Come in, Mr. Aiken," I replied.

Now before I go on to report this friendly call, I should tell the reader —whose interest in the whole matter I can merely assume, just as Mr. Aiken assumed that I was interested in life insurance—that just prior to the unexpected arrival of Mr. Aiken, I had released Baby, my small singing bird, from his cage for his morning constitutional. Baby was in the bathroom, going over the plumbing, when my guest entered.

Mr. Aiken sat down in the green chair and put his briefcase on the floor. I sat down on the piano stool.

"I understand," said Mr. Aiken, quietly, "that you are a writer. Is that correct?"

"No," I said.

"Well," continued Mr. Aiken, "that won't make any difference."

"To whom?"

"Well, I mean, that although my work is mostly among literary people —because, I suppose, I feel a sort of kinship for them although not making any pretensions of writing myself—although, as I say, my work is mostly among artists and writers, my profession—for life insurance *is* a profession—extends of course to all classes."

I offered Mr. Aiken a cigarette, which he didn't take.

"I suppose," he went on, "that to you I am just another life-insurance agent?"

"No. You are the first."

"Ah," said Mr. Aiken, straightening a little in his chair, "that is interesting. In that event" (here Mr. Aiken leaned over toward his briefcase), "in that event I would like to show you . . ."

AS Mr. Aiken raised his briefcase, Baby, tiring of the bathroom, came winging in to join us. In his flight he passed just east of Mr. Aiken's face, side-slipping as he came. Mr. Aiken ducked.

"Ah," he said, amiably, "a bird!"

"A bird," I replied, watching Baby alight on the piano, next to a photograph of a lady whom we both admire.

"Well, now," said Mr. Aiken (Baby hopped to the edge of the piano and cleared his throat), "you can see, if you will glance at this chart, quicker than words can tell, just what my story is. This is made out on the basis of fifty thousand dollars merely for the purpose of . . ."

A low, liquid trill, to me a familiar and rather sweet sound, began to bubble into the air. Baby was commencing.

"Ah," said Mr. Aiken, looking up from the chart, "quite a singer!"

"Just beginning," I answered.

"Well, as I say, this is made out on the basis of . . . Oh, first may I ask whether you are married?"

"I am not."

"And your age is?" Mr. Aiken raised his voice to make it carry above Baby's.

"Twenty-nine."

"Well, then, let us say that you deposit . . ." Mr. Aiken rose slowly and came toward me, with the chart. He bent over slightly, so I could see the paper, whereupon Baby, a little bit incensed that his prelude had been interrupted, hopped down from the piano onto my guest's shoulder, mistaking it for just anything at all. Mr. Aiken, taken off his guard, stopped talking, held his pose breathlessly, and made a thin attempt to smile.

"He . . . er . . . won't . . . I mean, it's all right, is it, do you think?" asked Mr. Aiken.

"Yes. Just hold perfectly still," I said. "Just don't move, and don't talk."

MR. AIKEN obeyed. For about a minute he stood there, bird on shoulder, completely dumb and considerably worried. I rose and helped myself to another cigarette. Then I sat down again.

"Auhuh ahuh," said Mr. Aiken, and Baby moved on, taking up a position on a low bookshelf near the open window. Mr. Aiken resumed his seat.

"Let us say that you will deposit sixteen hundred dollars a year for . . ."

Again that low, watery trill floated out across the room, this time rising and swelling into a rich sylvan hymn of praise for the day, continuing with a few disagreeable urban crescendoes that Baby has lately developed in an attempt to prostitute his art and show off, the whole song making, in its flow and intensity, such a lively din in the place that conversation was unbearable and the thread of Mr. Aiken's discourse was again lost.

"He . . . the bird can't get out that open window, can he?" asked Mr. Aiken hopefully, when the song ceased.

"He can, but he won't," I replied.

"Oh. Now, with this yearly rate in the case of an unmarried man—and may I say that a young man must always look ahead to the time when he is *not* insurable, as well as to the time when he gets married and has beneficiaries . . ."

Surfeited with the view from the window, Baby did three laps around the room, stunting as he went, banking vertically around some imaginary pylons that he has erected for his amusement, and settling finally on his cage. Mr. Aiken watched, appalled at the spectacle.

". . . gets married and has beneficiaries," he continued, a trifle vaguely, "why then . . ."

Baby, at that moment spying his own shadow on the wall, threw himself upon it viciously, and set up a loud vengeful screaming.

". . . gets married and has beneficiaries," Mr. Aiken repeated, louder, "gets married and has beneficiaries . . . why, then . . . Excuse me, does that bird *always* knock his head against the wall that way?"

"Only in the late spring of the year."

"As I say, when you get married . . ."

LATER that morning, when Mr. Aiken had gone and I was just hanging round with nothing much to do, and not covered by insurance, I gave Baby a small helping of the special tonic he is so fond of. —E. B. W.

*"It's being exotic like this that we don't do in America."*

## LINES TO A PURITAN

Be lenient! Let not the touch of hand
To alien hand disgust you, nor the embrace
Of two whose love is light. The bare-hilled land,
The sky, the wind, this disseminated race
Of men are cold and strange enough to allow
Of much affection, variously given,
Gentle or playful, with no static vow,
No tortured promise. They should be forgiven
Who fight against the loneliness of time
As any dog does, laying his quiet head
Against protecting knees. There is no crime,
No shame in the wide sharing of such bread.

Ah, have compassion for this human flow
Whose innocence you do not care to know!

—M. MANNES

• •

## PROSPECTUS OF PANDEMONIUM COURT

IN offering the public an opportunity to become my partner in the construction of a modern and exclusive coöperative apartment house, to be known as Pandemonium Court, I want it understood that I am not actuated by altruism. So many company promoters have lately put their stocks on the market for no other reason than a generous desire to further the diffusion of prosperity that I cannot help feeling that altruism has been, in a sense, vulgarized. Frankly, I am offering stock in this project because I need the money; if I could, I should build Pandemonium Court out of my own pocket and fill it entirely with my own nominees.

This, it must be understood, is a non-profit-making enterprise, for the promoter as well as the investor. Occupants of Pandemonium Court will pay no rent; they will own their apartments, but by gift, not by purchase. Carrying charges will be considerable, but mainly absorbed by maintenance and breakage; you and I will get no profit from that. No; I offer only one inducement to investors. Every purchaser of a block of stock is entitled to nominate one of the residents of Pandemonium Court.

This ought to have been done years ago, of course; I confess that the idea did not occur to me till the new people moved in upstairs.

Not that I object to piano playing, for instance; and if a piano played in one apartment can be heard quite as clearly in another apartment, that is the fault of the builder of the house, not of the tenants. But there are some kinds of piano playing that ought to be confined to daylight hours; they

*"Don't keep pulling your skirts over your knees, Aunt Lou. It dates you."*

shouldn't be started just as the tired businessman comes home and tries to settle down for a quiet evening. I suppose there may be good reasons why a man has to do carpentry work in his apartment, but it is a little hard on those who live below. And I never could see why people who are presumably able to walk, putting forward first one foot and then the other, should find it necessary to progress across their living-room floor, and my living-room ceiling, by stiff-legged bounds.

THESE, however, are matters of taste. Probably some people like to jump up and down when they come home from the office; it gives them a sense of freedom after the inhibitions of the desk. And if their jumpings up and down suddenly kick out the ceiling lights in the apartment below, that is the fault of the way the world is made and not of the jumpers. No, I have grown out of my intolerance about such matters. Some people like to jump up and down, just as some other people like to play the piano beside a window opening on a closed court, and many —ah, how many!— like to dance till three A.M. It is a poor apartment house that cannot show a tenant with one of these idiosyncrasies; and if his neighbors venture mild expostulation, he has his ready and all-sufficient answer— "Well, a man has to live somewhere."

Precisely; hereafter he can live in Pandemonium Court.

For obviously these people have no nerves; if they had, they would hear their own noise; if they cannot hear their own noise, they cannot hear their neighbors' noise either. Get them all together —all the worst of them—in one house, and the rest of us may get some sleep, and have less frequent occasion to have our ceilings replastered. But of course, Pandemoniacs do not like to move; if you raise the question, they are apt to suggest that you move. They can be induced to move only by the promise that in Pandemonium Court they can live rent-free.

That is why this great experiment must be a philanthropy. Most housing philanthropies fail because the people they were meant for will not move to them or cannot afford them. Forest Hills was designed as a fresh-air camp for the worthy poor; it is, or has been, the residence of Sinclair Lewis, Fred Stone, Victoriano Huerta, and John

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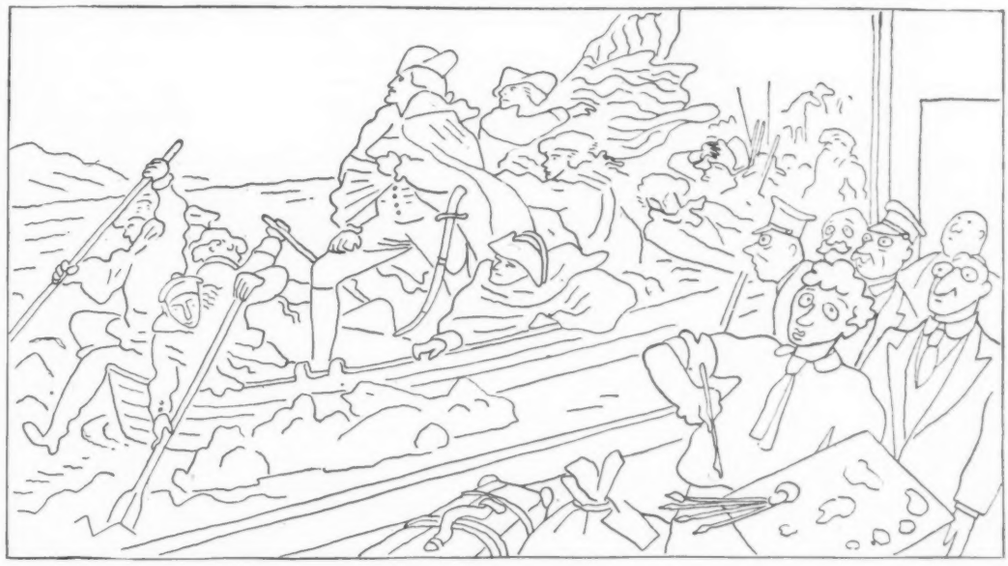
## IMMIGRATION NEWS

*Much Excitement Occurs Daily at Our Nation's Gateway*



**PAINTS HIS WAY INTO AMERICA.** Young Emanuel Leutze, believed to be a Red, surprised immigration authorities by quickly sketching a scene from American history. Leutze was admitted.

**TOMORROW'S ART TREASURES.** Europe continues to pour her treasures into art-starved America. Artistic heirlooms being carried in.

**HENRY FORD ARRIVES INCOGNITO.** John Robinsonsky (above) was believed to be Henry Ford travelling in disguise. Telegraphic denials from Dearborn said Mr. Ford was in his factory, working.

*"Hmmm! These Fuller Brush men!"*

• •

F. Hylan. The new Rockefeller apartments in the Bronx are inhabited, one hears, mainly by intellectuals who to their astonishment found themselves bringing up children, and would rather bring them up in six rooms in the Bronx than in two rooms in the Village. But free rent ought to attract the most inveterate Pandemoniac, coupled as it will be with freedom from the need of stopping dancing to answer the telephone at four A.M. and explain to the janitor that these people are just putting on their coats so there is no need to send for the police.

WHERE are we going to build Pandemonium Court? Well, I confess I see only one site in Manhattan that is large enough—Central Park. Why not? Every realtor's heart bleeds as he sees that eight hundred acres of desirable property lying idle. If it were built over nobody would be seriously offended but editors of the *Times*, and taxi-drivers, whom the vogue of the one-room apartment has enabled to conduct movable necking parlors in the Park. If the young people had to go back home and do their necking in the same room with father and mother we should get rid of a good deal of false modesty. You could build Pandemonium Court in the Park and still have room for fair-sized lawns on all sides. This would give some protection to the people around the Park.

THE magnitude and altruistic purpose of this enterprise will make it possible to introduce a number of innovations in construction in Pandemonium Court. Ceilings, of course, will be strongly reinforced; otherwise mounting repair costs might incline some of the tenants to move out and come back to live with the rest of us. Automatic pianos will be provided for tenants unable to play the instrument themselves. Every piano will be clamped to the floor, at a window beside an airshaft, so that the maximum effect may be obtained. And, of course, there will be no house rules in Pandemonium Court.

Two provisions of this promotion scheme, however, should be frankly stated. The number of nominees for residence will undoubtedly be overwhelming; no tenant-owner will be accepted unless he presents as his credentials the written disapproval of at least seven neighbors. This is to maintain the exclusive character of the house by keeping out the desirable element. And, last but not least, the promoter is not eligible for residence in Pandemonium Court, even if he should be nominated by the people downstairs and seconded by every family on the airshaft. —ELMER DAVIS

• •

## QUAINT ALTERCATIONS

*Records of Curious Controversies Listed in the Day's News*

| THE LOCALE | CONTENTION OF PARTY OF THE FIRST PART | CONTENTION OF PARTY OF THE SECOND PART | THE OUTCOME |
|---|---|---|---|
| Paris | Pola Negri demanded a bathroom in her studio | French producers declared her request unreasonable | Contract cancelled. |
| Cincinnati | Mr. W. S. Blume said the baby should be given a drink of beer occasionally | Mrs. W. S. Blume said, "Positively no!" | Divorce. |
| Paris and Budapest | The French press claims the necktie was invented by a Frenchman | The Hungarian press claims it was invented by a Croatian | Draw. |
| Shirpur, India | Radical wing of members of Jain Temple want their Hindu god worshipped in the nude | Conservative members want the god worshipped fully clothed | Litigation in English courts. |
| Chicago | Federation of Musicians demands that phonographs in broadcasting stations be operated only by members of Musicians' Union | Broadcasting stations insist anyone be permitted to operate their phonographs | Undecided. |

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

## OF ALL THINGS

AT the hour of going to press the Senate and the House are still on speaking terms. But not with each other.

•

Premier MacDonald may come over in July to help our President promote world peace. We trust, however, that nothing will be done to spoil our delightful cigarette and taxicab wars.

•

Calvin Coolidge, who admits that he hates to write, is hereby admitted to full membership in the fraternity, but Smith must remain on probation for a while. There is an ugly rumor going around that Al loves his work.

•

A Minnesota merchant out Sunday riding with his family was shot by a prohibition agent. There was no dry applause in the House because the wife and children were allowed to escape.

•

Our *Daily News* scolds Lindbergh for not inviting the press to his wedding and honeymoon. The stubborn fellow makes a distinction between his public life and his private wife.

•

"Will booksellers become extinct?" a gloomy member of the trade wants to know. Not at all, but they will be known as registered pharmacists.

•

An airplane fell on Governor Larson's summer home in New Jersey. Any woman who has had guests drop in unexpectedly will get a rough idea how Mrs. Larson felt.

•

We welcome the report that William M. Bennett will run for mayor again. For twelve years, man and boy, he has been New York's favorite loser.

•

An ape man has been discovered near Mexico City and the Prince of Wales has been engaged and disengaged again. In short the summer news famine is here.

•

A Vienna fräulein was chosen "Miss Universe" at Galveston. We hope this turns out all right but we cannot help remembering our fellow citizen who was chosen "Mr. President" at Houston.

•

"Sooner or later," says Mary Garden, "the talking movies are going to finish grand opera." We always thought them interminable.

•

Advertising writers are getting more convincing every day. This department now enjoys a guilty feeling of extravagance every day it does not own a Rolls-Royce.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

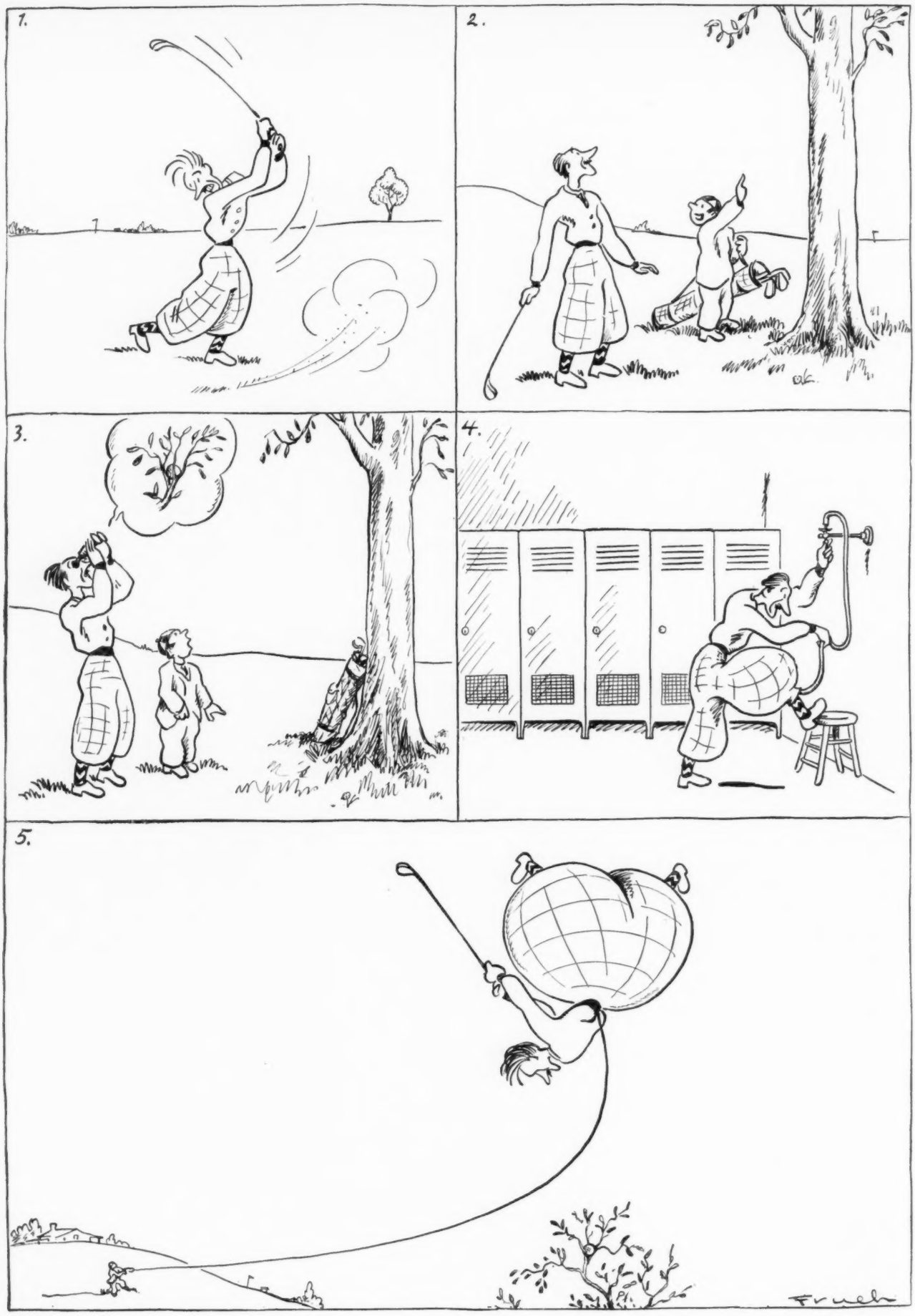
## NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

No matter how far afield you go
There's always a gray stone wall;
It may enclose but a single crow,
It may hold nothing at all
Save a blueberry bush or a cedar tree
Or a clump of junipers, one, two, three.

It may encompass at the most
A lone inquiring sheep;
But think of the horny-handed ghost
Who could not pause to sleep
Until the very last hauled stone
Had made his acres his alone.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

*"Step inside and see the strange people."*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Fruehauf

# PROFILES

## CENTENARIAN

IN 1910 Mayor Gaynor refused to appoint John R. Voorhis to the post of Election Commissioner.

"He's too old. He's past eighty-one. It's ridiculous," Gaynor told Tom Smith, secretary of Tammany. Tammany went to Albany and had John R. appointed State Superintendent of Elections.

Senator Brackett opposed the appointment. "Voorhis is past eighty," he said. "Tammany wants a superannuated politician in that office so it can do what it likes with the elections."

The tombs of Gaynor and Brackett have long been gathering moss; nineteen years have passed since they objected to John R. on account of his years. He will be one hundred on July 27, and he is still running our elections. Since the unlucky utterances of Gaynor and Brackett, nobody has thought it necessary to complain of his age, nor is he a puppet. The centenarian is the oracle and dictator of the eighteenth floor of the Municipal Building. His staff runs to him with every perplexing problem, and his "The law says—" is final. During the weeks of violent emergency which precede every election, he functions for long hours daily as a high-speed Gordian knot cutter.

TAMMANY backed the aged man, not because it wanted a puppet, but because he, with his long and impressive record, gave the organization one of those marks of respectability which it covets. Boss Murphy had another reason; he favored Mr. Voorhis on anthropological grounds. Political necessity requires that most nominees have Irish, Jewish, German, or Italian names, but it pleased Murphy to throw some recognition to the small, obscure, and politically unimportant native bloc. He liked to embellish his tickets with occasional Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, and Huguenot surnames, and although John R. was not quite a native, he came here ninety-nine years ago and his Dutch ancestors were New Yorkers in 1660. He was born in an old Dutch farmhouse at Pompton Plains, New Jersey, his parents moving to New York and taking a house in Cornelia Street in 1830. His father, Richard Voorhis, ran a flying sanatorium. Medical science had just made the discovery that the way to health was to vibrate. Richard owned a one-horse two-wheeled tumbril, with an iron floor resting directly on the axle, which he would drive at a furious pace over the cobblestones, while his patients clung to the sides, vibrating to the marrow. When not practicing medicine, the elder Voorhis used his therapeutic vehicle for the delivery of merchandise and earned enough to send Johnny to private school. Public schools were regarded as charity institutions. Johnny went to Mme. Hewlett's; tuition, two dollars and twenty-five cents a quarter, plus twenty-five cents for ink and quills (he still has the receipts). Promoted to the academy upstairs, he received instruction in the higher branches from Professor David Stevens at four dollars a quarter. In vacations he visited slave-holding relatives in New Jersey and had a black boy for a body servant. He used to go fishing with his great-grandfather, Major Van Gelder, who lit his pipe from a tinder-box and told eyewitness stories of the Revolutionary War.

*John R. Voorhis*

At the age of ten, Johnny went through a religious crisis. The Sunday School of the Dutch Reformed Church at Broome and Greene Streets offered a book with gilded edges to the boy who recited the greatest number of verses of the Psalms without error. Johnny was still reciting when the meeting adjourned on account of the lateness of the hour. The bout was declared no-contest and the ecclesiastical authorities retained the book. This perfidy estranged him from the church for about ninety years. He has been a devout man all his life, but not a churchgoer.

At the age of fourteen he became a clerk at one dollar a week in the law office of John Jay, a grandson of the first Chief Justice, at 4 New Street. Johnny delivered messages, served subpoenas, carried coal, and pumped out the cellar, which became flooded at unusually high tides. One day the pump broke. Afraid of being blamed, Johnny mended it superficially and left it, hoping that some subsequent pumper would think himself responsible for breaking it. The boy's conscience tormented him, however, and he confessed. Looking back eighty-five years, the Commissioner still regrets his disingenuousness in connection with the pump and believes that only his confession saved him from going through life with a streak of the charlatan in him.

In three years his salary soared to a dollar seventy-five a week, but a family council voted him out of the law. He was apprenticed at the same salary to an uncle in the stair-building business. His mother, a little fearful of the change, because of the notorious doughnut and cider blowouts which were the ruin of so many promising young craftsmen, tried to induce him to sign the pledge, but he refused. He drank moderately then, as he does now. He witnessed some of the wildest doughnut and cider parties of the roaring forties, went into politics and saw plenty of the life of the city. He remembers the town—

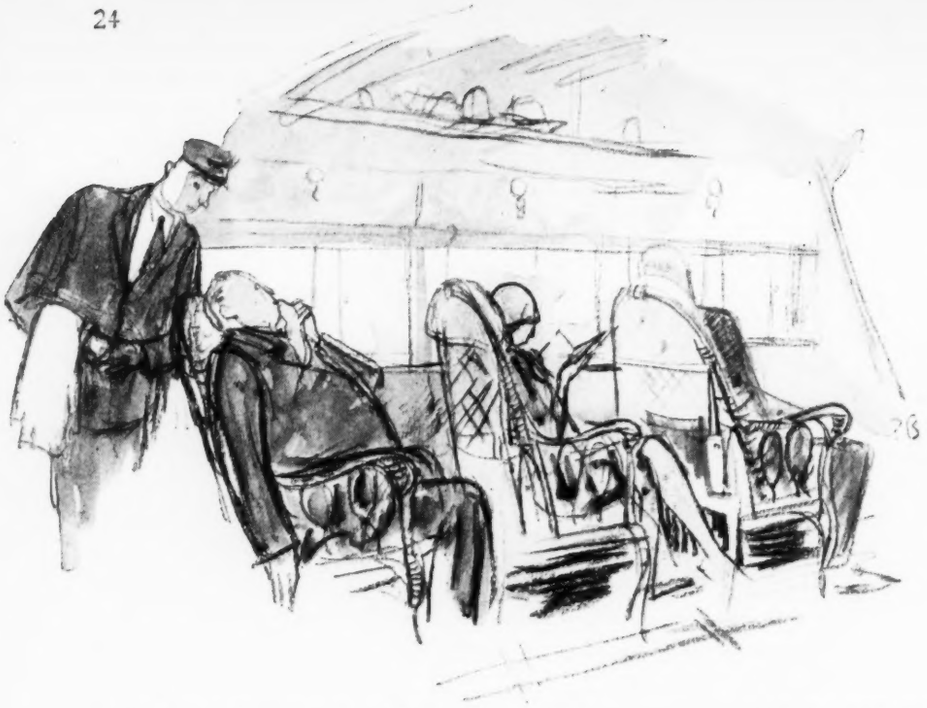
WHEN the fashionable streets were Bleecker, Great Jones, Waverly Place, and Second Avenue.

When a man pointed out John Jacob Astor, saying, "There goes the richest man in the world. He's worth more than a hundred thousand dollars."

When people thought they had left New York far behind when they stopped to water their horses at Corporal Thompson's roadhouse near what is now Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street.

When Washington Square was Potter's Field.

When Tammany braves, on holidays and solemn memorial occasions, marched in a body to attend services



at a Presbyterian church at Park Row and Beekman Street.

When admission to the pit at the Thalia was twelve and a half cents.

When lovers of the outdoors went on shooting trips to Hoboken during the pigeon migrations.

When street cleaning and garbage disposal were monopolies of the pigs.

When many regarded the first six-story building as an insolent impingement on heaven.

When decent people walked over to the other side of the street if they saw an actor coming.

When the local military companies, on the evening of drill day, suffered approximately one hundred per cent alcohol casualties.

When apple toddy, a mixture of hot applesauce, applejack, sugar, and spices, was the staff of life in sleighing time.

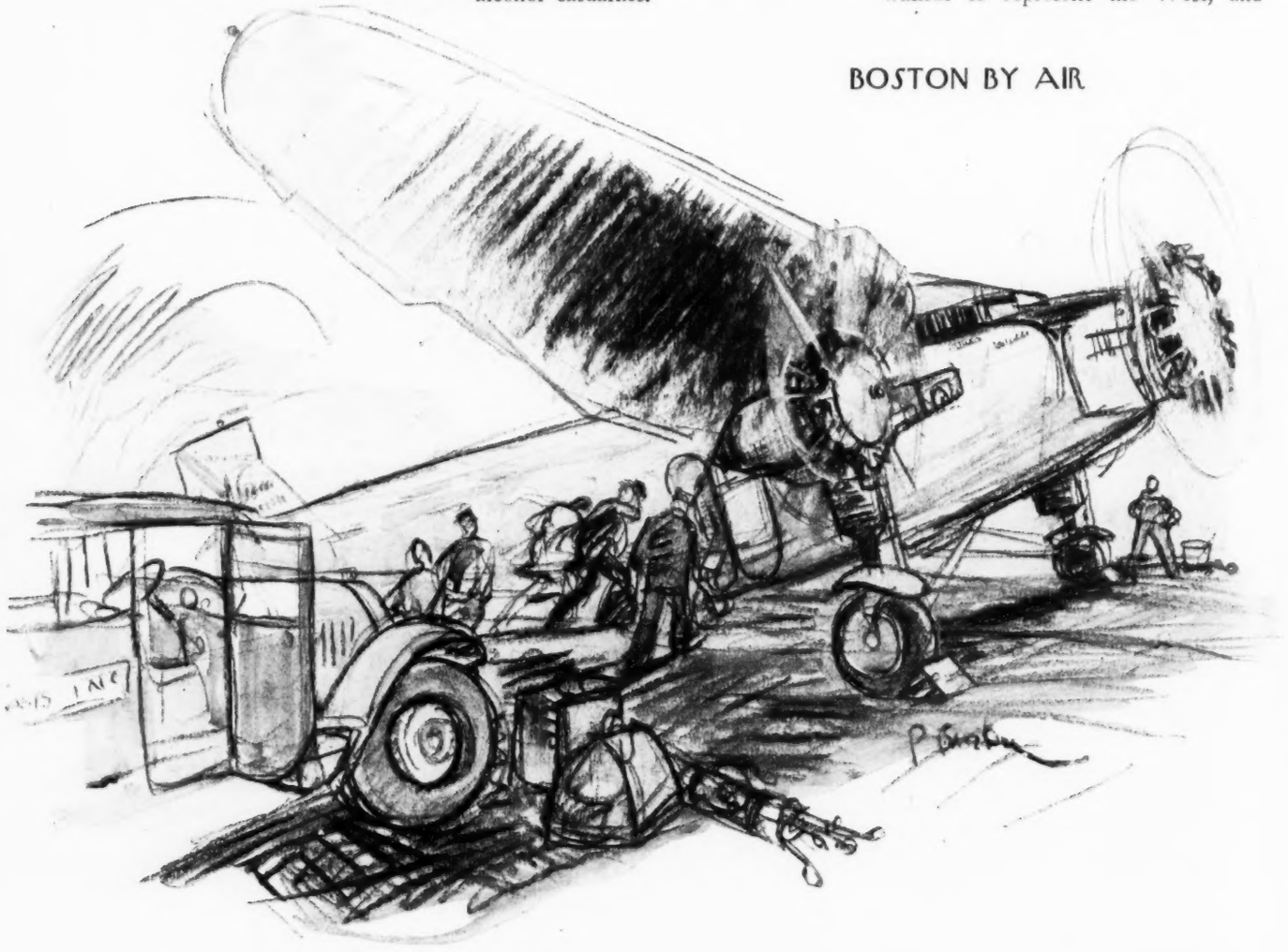
When beer was a novelty; ale and porter the standard soft drinks.

When Revolutionary War veterans were more numerous than G.A.R. men today.

YOUNG Voorhis remained an apprentice at two-fifty a week until he was twenty-one. In that year, 1850, he became his uncle's partner and married Lucinda Lefferts. Seventy years ago he built her a home at Bethune and Greenwich Streets. (He still lives there with his daughter Anna.) They had a family of five children by the time of the Civil War. Mrs. Voorhis lived to celebrate her sixty-seventh wedding anniversary.

In his early twenties he was active in politics as an anti-abolitionist and anti-secessionist. Before he was thirty, he had charge of what was then the world's greatest petition—an appeal to Congress in favor of the Border States Compromise. The signatures, a quarter of a mile in length, were wound on a reel and sent to Congress in a symbolic box which Mr. Voorhis made of Georgia pine to represent the South, walnut to represent the West, and

BOSTON BY AIR



spruce to represent the North. He became the Democratic leader of the Ninth Ward in 1865. He turned anti-Tammany on the Tweed exposures in 1871, and made a house-to-house canvass against the organization. In 1873, under the Havemeyer reform administration, he received his first political appointment—that of Excise Commissioner. For twenty years he fought Tammany. His Ninth Ward organization, known as the "Voorhis Democracy," spread to other wards and became an important factor in New York politics. In 1889 the late William C. Whitney and co-leaders of the Voorhis Democracy insisted on naming a split ticket carrying the names of Republicans and Voorhis Democrats.

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Voorhis. "I am the kind of Democrat who could under no circumstances bring himself to vote for a Republican."

He resigned from his own organization. The fusion or "Mule Ticket" was overwhelmed. Voorhis and Tammany exchanged forgiveness. Richard Croker offered Voorhis the post of sheriff, which was then worth more than a hundred thousand dollars a year in fees, but the stair-builder declined. He did not want anybody to think that money had been an object in his reconciliation with Tammany.

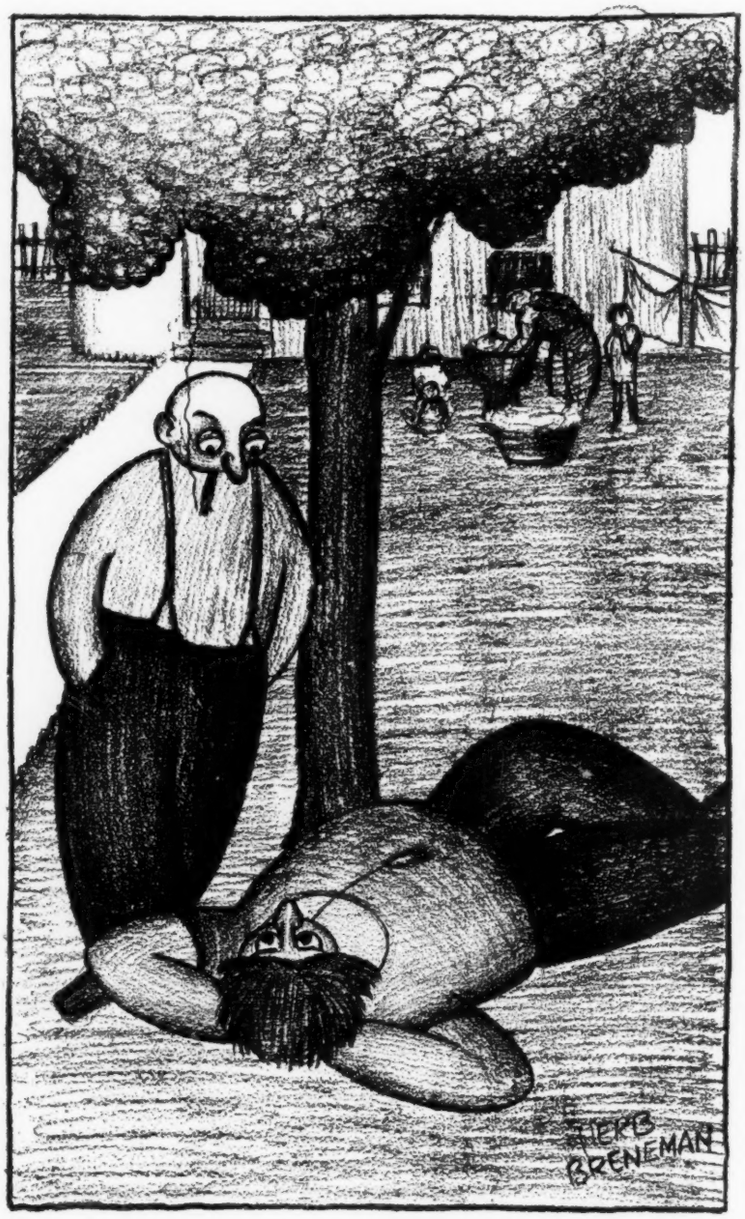
He was forty-four years old when he received his first appointment and in the following fifty-six years has seldom been out of public office. He served under Mayors Havemeyer, Wickham, Cooper, Grace, Edson, Hewitt, Grant, Gilroy, Van Wyck, Low, McClellan, Hylan, and Walker. During the terms of Gaynor and Mitchel he held state and borough offices. His public career follows: Excise Commissioner, 1873-4; Commissioner of Police, 1874-6; 1879-80; Dock Commissioner, 1881-5; Commissioner of Police, 1885-92; Police Justice, 1892-5; Commissioner of Elections, 1901-7; Superintendent of Public Buildings, 1911-15; President of the Board of Elections, since 1918. Several times Mr. Voorhis was urged to run for Mayor, but declined, probably because of the old saying that no Mayor of New York ever got anywhere.

IT was not until 1921 that Mr. Voorhis began to receive recognition as an active practitioner of the art of longevity. In that year he climbed an extension ladder from the sidewalk to the third-story window of Tammany Hall to see how workmen were getting on with repairs to the balcony. He was interested both as Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society and as an old master builder. Perched on a rung of the ladder thirty-five feet above the sidewalk, the ninety-two-year-old barked a series of orders to the carpenters and then descended. He was surprised on the following day to find his name in the papers. Two years later he was again vexed when the papers made a point of the fact that the young fellows of his office were imposing on his good nature by getting him to read the fine print which they could not decipher. He has never worn glasses. In the last three or four years, however, his eyes have lost their

keenness. He has his correspondence read to him and dictates the replies, except in the case of thank-you letters, which he still writes out in his own hand. Suspecting that smoking may have hurt his eyes, he has cut down cigars from three to one a day.

Since the death of Chauncey Depew, Mr. Voorhis has been New York's official patriarch, and the pacemaker of the ancients of the country. Chief White Horse Eagle, the late Ezra Meeker, and other masters of the technique of survival, have paid visits of state to the Commissioner. Edwin Osbaldeston, Asbury Park's late grand old man, despairing of ever passing Mr. Voorhis by honest means in the old-age race, stole three laps by means of a forged birth certificate which jumped his age last summer from ninety-six to ninety-nine. White Horse Eagle, the Osage Chief who sat for the five-cent piece and scores of other studies of the vanishing Indian, claimed five years' seniority over the Commissioner. On his visits to the Municipal Building the old Indian would sneer openly at his white rival and advise him in sign language and grunts to go out and get a reputation. But discrepancies in the various accounts of White Horse Eagle indicate that his press department may have pushed his birth date backwards by about ten or twelve years.

Mr. Voorhis still presides over the meetings of the Tammany Society and the Board of Elections. His voice retains a remarkable sonority and he is an iron parliamentarian. His only enemies are maunderers, whom he ruthlessly holds to the point. Painters and sculptors have discovered the old man and have been doing him in large quantities, in water colors, dry-point, oils, and clay. He has an expression of independence and rugged strength which gives the effect of a desiccated and silvery Grover Cleveland. One striking study is a relief plaque by Samilla Love Jameson, which portrays the old man with his right hand uplifted in the practiced attitude of taking the oath of office. The patriarch has never approved of the fuss over his antiquity. Three years ago, protesting that his privacy had been invaded, he got the Board of Aldermen to suppress a resolution by the Greenwich Village Historical Association which declared July 27 to be Voorhis Day; but last fall, in view of his approaching centenary, he withdrew his objections, and the coming July 27 is the first Voorhis Day.




*"I got complexes—sick at heart half the time."*

MR. VOORHIS does not know the secret of his success. He has never played any of the systems. He missed his annual medical examination more than ninety consecutive times. No daily dozens. No spinach. No long walks in the open air. No exercise that could be avoided. To his practical and economical way of thinking, the deliberate wasting of motion is as reprehensible as any other kind of squandering, and physical culture is a peculiarly insipid dissipation. He eats sparingly once or twice a day, never worries, and never lets work accumulate. In all his life he has never indorsed a promissory note or an advertised product, and has never been on the defensive end of a lawsuit. He took his first vacation in 1891, but found idleness so painful that he did not repeat it until thirty-four years later, when he consented to take a three weeks' vacation in New Jersey to complete his convalescence from influenza. There, after a day of loafing, he set up a packing case under an apple tree, made it his office, and worked regular hours. In 1928 he was absent from his office only one working day. He is serene and philosophical, but not optimistic. He regards the New Yorkers of today as a poor set compared to those of Andrew Jackson's time. He thinks that the old trustworthiness has disappeared from men, building construction, and liquor. He has only one decided crotchet, and that is a private feud against daylight-saving time, which he regards as moral weakness and a vicious form of self-deception. Seven of the horologes of the Voorhis house run on standard time, but the cook, who is as strong-willed as her venerable employer, has privately debauched the character of the kitchen clock.—ALVA JOHNSTON

## OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

THE PERFECT INFINITIVE—It is easy enough to say that a person should live in such a way as to avoid the perfect infinitive after the past conditional, but it is another matter to do it. The observance of the commonest amenities of life constantly leads us into that usage. Let us take a typical case. A gentleman and his wife, calling on friends, find them not at home. The gentleman decides to leave a note of regret couched in a few well-chosen words, and the first thing he knows he is involved in this: "We would have liked to have found you in." Reading it over, the gentleman is assailed by the suspicion that he has too many "haves," and that the whole business has somehow been put too far into the past. His first reaction is to remedy this by dating the note: "9 p.m. Wednesday, June 12, 1929." This at once seems too formal, and with a sigh he starts in again on the sentence itself. That is where he makes a fatal mistake. The simplest way out, as always, is to seek some other method of expressing the thought. In this case the gentleman should simply dash off, "Called. You were out. Sorry," and go home to bed. What he does, however, is to lapse into a profound study of this particular grammatical situation, than which there is no more hazardous mental occupation. His wife should, above all things, not choose this time to nag at him, or hurry him. His condition now calls for the utmost kindness and consideration.

FIRST the victim will change the sentence to: "We would have liked to find you in." Now as a matter of fact, this is correct (barring the use of "would" instead of "should"), but, alas, the gentleman does not realize it. Few people ever do realize it. This is because the present infinitive, "to find," seems to imply success. They therefore fall back on the perfect infinitive, "to have found," because it implies that the thing hoped for did not come to pass. They have fallen back on it so often that, after the ordinary past tenses, its use has come to be counted as idiomatic, even though it is incorrect. After past conditionals, however—such as our gentleman caller has got into—the use of the perfect infinitive is not even idiomatic. It is just dangerous.

The gentleman, with two variants on his hands, takes to mumbling them to himself, first one and then the other—"We would have liked to have found you in," "We would have liked to find you in." After he does this several times, both expressions begin to sound meaningless. They don't make any sense at all, let alone make precise sense. His mental feeling is analogous to the terror that strikes into children's minds when they get to repeating some common word, like "saucer," over and over again, until it sounds idiotic and legendary. At this point it would be infinitely better not to leave any note at all, but the gentleman's education and his strength of mind have been challenged. He takes an envelope out of his pocket and grimly makes a list of all the possible combinations, thus getting: "We would have liked to have found," "We would have liked to find," "We would like to have found," and "We would like to find."

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Humbly, modestly, with eyes downcast, Patrolman Richard Daly, Shield No. 2533, has ruled the traffic waves at Maiden Lane and Broadway for thirty years—yea thirty. To his intimates he is Dignified Dick.

A dull pain takes him back of the ears. This is the danger sign, and his wife should have the presence of mind to summon assistance, for he is now out of hand and uncontrollable. What she does, however, is to say, "Here, let me write it." He instantly snarls, "I'm no child" or "Get away" or some such thing, and his difficulties are added to by the quarrel which follows. At length he has the bright inspiration of going into the hope clauses and turns out: "We had hoped to have been able to have found." If he has married the right kind of woman, she will hastily scratch a brief word on a calling card, shove it under the door, and drag her husband away. Otherwise he will sink rapidly into a serious mental state, from which it may take him weeks to emerge.

THERE is a simple rule about past conditionals which will prevent a lapse into that deep contemplation which is so often fatal. After "would have liked," "would have hoped," "would have feared," etc., use the present infinitive. The implication of non-fulfillment is inherent in the governing verb itself, that is, in the "would have liked," etc. You don't have to shade the infinitive to get a nice note of frustration. Let it alone. Dr. H. W. Fowler himself says: "Sometimes a writer, dimly aware that 'would have liked to have done' is wrong, is yet so fascinated by the perfect infinitive that he clings to that at all costs." That's what it is—a fascination—like a cobra's for a bird. Avoid the perfect infinitive after the past conditional as you would a cobra.

—JAMES THURBER

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## REFUGE

That night the moon was paler
Than any slim white ghost.
The moon was young Persephone
In windy darkness lost.
And when at last it stumbled
Past torn pine boughs and lay
Within the mountain hollow,
It had a young queen's way
Of turning, in a strange, black
world,
To arms that would enfold her,
And drooping her small,
frightened head
Against a dark king's shoulder.

—FRANCES M. FROST

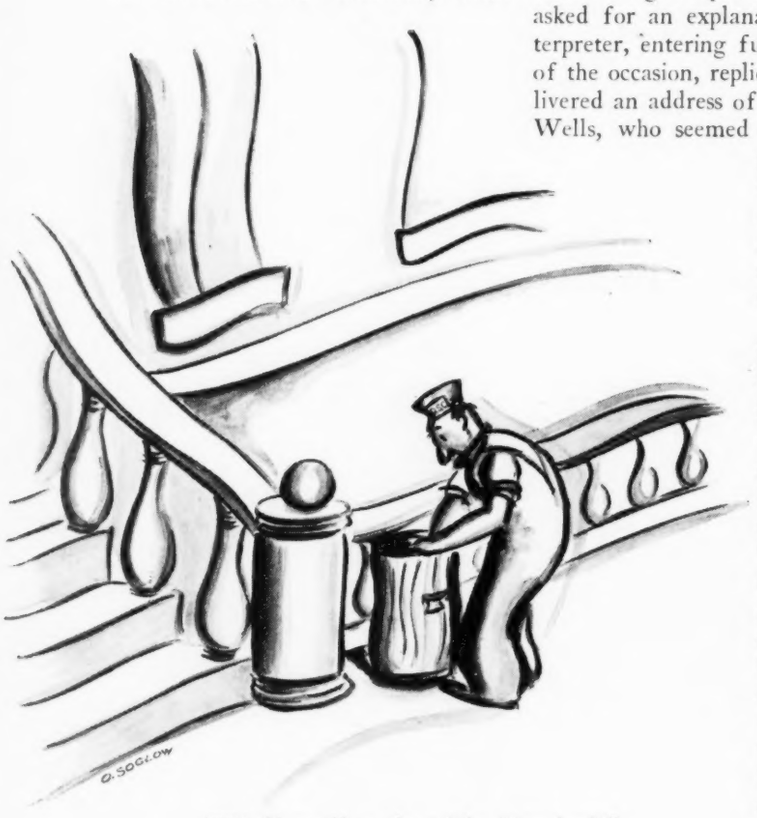
# MY CABARET CONFESSIONS

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH THE "CHAUVE-SOURIS," AS RECALLED BY ITS DIRECTOR

AT first the "Chauve-Souris" was not an organized theatre but a meeting-place, a centre for artists, writers, singers, actors, and musicians. It was an exclusive club to which artists came for relaxation. Being among themselves, they acted and sang for their own pleasure. They did things which they could not do in public but which satisfied some artistic instinct of their own. Thus, for instance, you would find a serious playwright improvising burlesques, Chaliapin singing tenor parts, and composers of grand opera breaking out into cabaret songs. The general public was not admitted to the "Chauve-Souris" in those days, and even the chief of police had some difficulty in getting in.

Every prominent artist or writer who visited Moscow was glad of an invitation to come to the "Chauve-Souris" and spend a jolly evening. On these occasions some little joke was sure to be perpetrated. During Arthur Nikisch's visit it was suggested to him that he ought to show us what a really great conductor he was by conducting the "Chauve-Souris" orchestra, which consisted of about half-a-dozen rather antiquated brass instruments. Nikisch was rather taken aback at first, but saw the humor of the situation and consented. He took the musicians aside, asking us not to pay any attention to them, and, after ten minutes' rehearsing, he rose and, with a flower in his hand instead of a baton, conducted the waltz from "The Merry Widow." It sounded very well indeed, and everybody was delighted. Nikisch said afterwards that he had rarely put in ten minutes' harder work.

When Mr. H. G. Wells paid us his visit, I was told off, as manager of the club, to make him a speech of welcome, in English—a language of which, as it happened, I knew nothing at all. I looked through our library, and the only English publication I could find was a printed price-list issued by a large British firm, of course in its own language. I concluded that this would answer the purpose as well as anything else and, thanks to my pronunciation, Mr. Wells did not in the least understand what I was talking about. When I had finished he turned to an English-speaking Russian and asked for an explanation. The interpreter, entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, replied that I had delivered an address of welcome. Mr. Wells, who seemed much impressed, got up and spoke for five or six minutes—I, of course, not understanding a single word.




*"Well, well, at last Mr. Vanderbilt got rid of that old tweed suit."*

IN course of time the "Chauve-Souris" became well known all over Russia. Its fame even reached the ears of the Czar, and one day a full-blown general came to my theatre in Moscow and told me the company was commanded to go to St. Petersburg and give a show at the Military Club, at which the Czar would be present. On the day before this show, General Kuropatkin, the War Minister, a very important person indeed, sent for me and said: "Nikita Balieff, the Czar desires to see just your ordinary show, without any changes being made in consequence of the presence of members of the Imperial family. You will therefore do exactly as you do in your cabaret. This is His Majesty's desire, which I, as in duty bound, convey to you; but let me add, on my own account, that if you stray too far into any forbidden paths, especially politics, nothing will happen to you for the time being, as you are under His Majesty's patronage, but afterwards you can be quite sure of seeing the inside of a prison."

It was not exactly an encouraging preliminary to the kind of performance we were accustomed to give. Nevertheless, the show was a success. The Czar laughed heartily, and my spirits revived. Having gone through the program, I came before the footlights and announced that I was about to sing some topical songs about politics.

I gave a side glance at General Kuropatkin. His eyes flashed ominously, and he was playing with the tassel of his sword in a manner that boded no good to me. Making elaborate gestures, I embarked upon my first "song," but it was all pantomime. Not a sound escaped my throat. The audience, at first taken by surprise, burst out into a roar of laughter. The Czar was amused, and even the great Kuropatkin smiled.

During the dinner which followed the show, the Czar asked me very kindly what he could do for me. In my desire to be very moderate and at the same time to show myself a loyal subject, I replied: "I should be highly honored and delighted if Your Majesty would give me an autographed photograph as a souvenir of this evening."

The Czar smiled, and so did some of his courtiers who heard me. It flashed upon me that I had committed a *gaffe*. I learned later that a signed photograph was considered at that time the greatest honor the Czar could confer on anyone. Instead of the photograph I was given a diamond pin which I liked just as well.

The Czar Nicholas II seemed to

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## An All-Around Good Fellow

A good looking, trustworthy monoplane that will fly three people anywhere—economically, safely and in perfect comfort.

The Robin takes off with zest, flies to its destination rapidly and takes pleasure in landing slowly and easily.

It *is* a good fellow—equally good for sport, business or pleasure.

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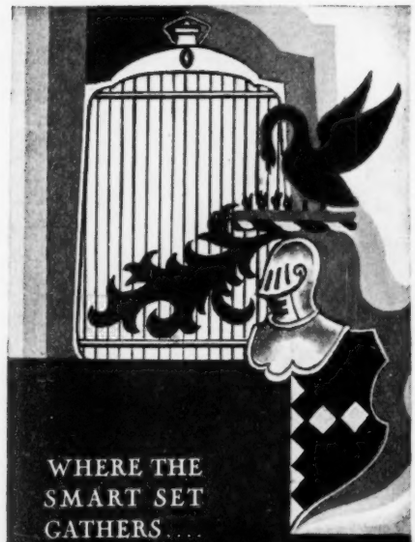

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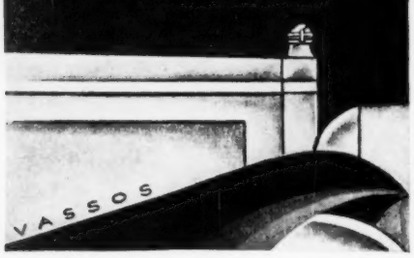
Ask the man who owns one




me to be a nice man, and I felt at ease in his presence. My feelings were quite different when, some years later, I had to give a show before Trotsky. He did not smile once during the whole performance. I tried my utmost to amuse him, but the only result was to make him look more like a sphinx than ever. Not until two days later did I learn that he was pleased with my efforts. He paid me what was the highest honor then: he sent me two baskets of food from his own store. I appreciated it greatly, as there was a famine in Moscow at the time.

Later I was put into prison by the Soviets. When I got out I realized that my art was too bourgeois for them, and I made my escape from the country while I was in the Caucasus on a tour. I went to Paris and re-started the "Chauve-Souris." This was seven years ago, and I am still wandering.

WHILE I was in America Morris Gest, my friend and manager, suggested that I should pay a call on President Coolidge. Morris Gest carefully prepared me for all emergencies. I had a book full of details as to what I should say should this, that, or the other thing happen. When we reached the White House, about two hundred other people were waiting to shake hands with the President.

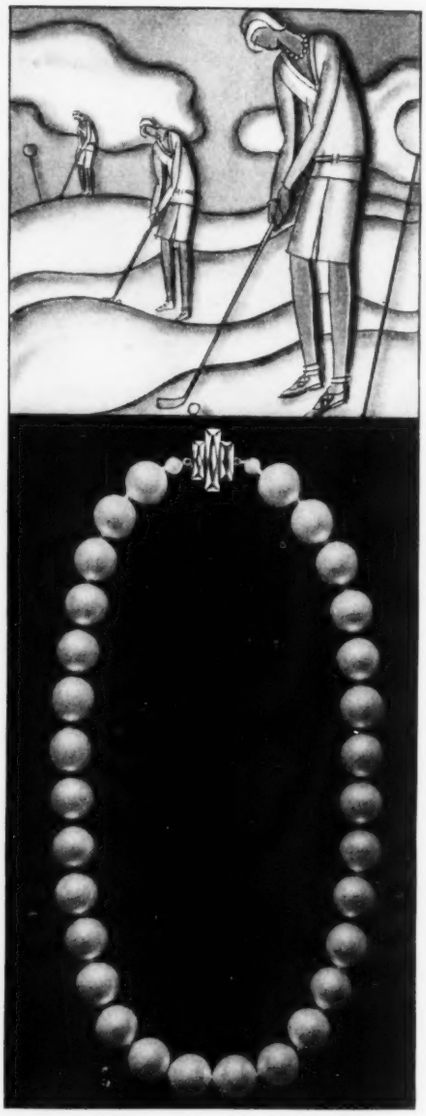
"Don't you think the President will lose us in the crowd?" I asked Gest.

"Don't worry," he replied. "Mr. Coolidge knows you are here and he will be pleased to meet you. Just do as I say."

Mr. Coolidge came along, shook hands with about a hundred people, and looked rather bored. Mr. Gest greeted him and told him about me. Mr. Coolidge did not appear to be greatly impressed. He simply nodded, grasped me warmly by the hand, and said:

"Goodbye!"

YES, I have met many interesting people; one of them, at Hollywood, was Charlie Chaplin, who gave us a special private show of "The Circus," and an immense piece of gingerbread specially designed to remind us of the film. My conversation with him was almost always on serious subjects. He told me that his ideals were Christ and Napoleon and that his ambition was to play these two rôles. I wonder if he ever will, and how this



POUR *le sport*... a pearl choker by Richelieu, of course. Every pearl a shimmering ball of bewitching loveliness... one like another... perfectly matched for iridescence, color and texture. The whole... matchless for beauty. Authentic reproductions of the finest Oriental pearls, Richelieu pearls are precious for the very qualities that make the originals priceless. $500 to $5. Jeweled clasps to match, if desired. Send for free booklet.

*Exhibition Salon*, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

RICHELIEU PEARLS

*Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile—what are these but the mirrors of clean* internal *health?*

# Millions of *active yeast plants* . . the simple way famous doctors recommend

TODAY'S swift competition leaves little room for the woman who permits intestinal poisons to cloud her brain and dull her beautiful vitality.

Doctors estimate that nine out of ten of our common ills come from constipation. To combat constipation they urge a natural *food* —fresh yeast.

Each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast contains millions of tiny, active yeast plants. Daily, as these plants pass through your body, they successfully check the formation and spread of harmful intestinal poisons and purify your whole system.

The glow of your normal health and energy quickly returns when constipation is gone! Skin troubles, digestion troubles, headaches and "nerves" disappear!

This is the simple modern way to vigor of body and clearness of mind—the way world-famous doctors recommend. Start today to discover the happiness of boundless, beautiful health!

Regularly, every day, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-100, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

• • •

*"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says* DR. GEORGE PARRISH, *well-known health Officer of Los Angeles, California.*

*Head of famous Berlin hospital,* DR. PAUL REYHER, *says, "Yeast stimulates appetite, regulates metabolism, builds resistance."*

*"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says* DR. GASTON LYON *(above), distinguished physician, medical writer and Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.*

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PRICES MOVE FORWARD FROM
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*THE*
FINCHLEY
*Establishment*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

world-famous laughter-maker will do it.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were among the first who came to see my show in America. The management, which turned everything possible—and even impossible—to account for publicity purposes, had a lot of posters printed containing the announcement that the show was being given in honor of Mary and Douglas. This was supposed to be publicity for us. It certainly had that result, but it annoyed "Doug." "Why should people glare at me all the time and miss the show?" he asked.

Nevertheless, the performance passed off quite satisfactorily. It was a topic of conversation afterward between Mary and Douglas and myself, but we generally discussed the movies, in which I did not believe at that time. I could not imagine that they would ever take the place of the theatre; but I have changed my opinion on that point, my view now being that the theatre has reached the limit of its possibilities in its present form. This is a nervous age and people do not care to devote a whole evening to one subject. They like to have some comedy and some drama, and hear music accompanied by something that pleases the eye. This was the secret of the success of our miniature show. I should like to do the same thing on a larger scale and perhaps create a new form of music-hall or revue with a main idea running through it, such, for instance, as love in all countries and at all periods of the world's history.

MY experience has shown me that actors are not very fond of rehearsals, and it encouraged me, on visiting Lon Chaney's studio at Hollywood, to see him rehearsing the same scene ten or fifteen times with the same enthusiasm. On this text I preached a little sermon to my own people.

"You see what a great actor Lon Chaney is," I said, "and how hard he works, and yet you object when I want you to go over a scene again after the fourth or fifth rehearsal."

Their reply was: "You shouldn't generalize. Remember Einstein's theory."

This pleasantry recurred to my mind not long afterward when I saw the celebrated savant sitting far back from the stage. I immediately greeted him and said: "Professor Einstein, who teaches us that all things are relative,

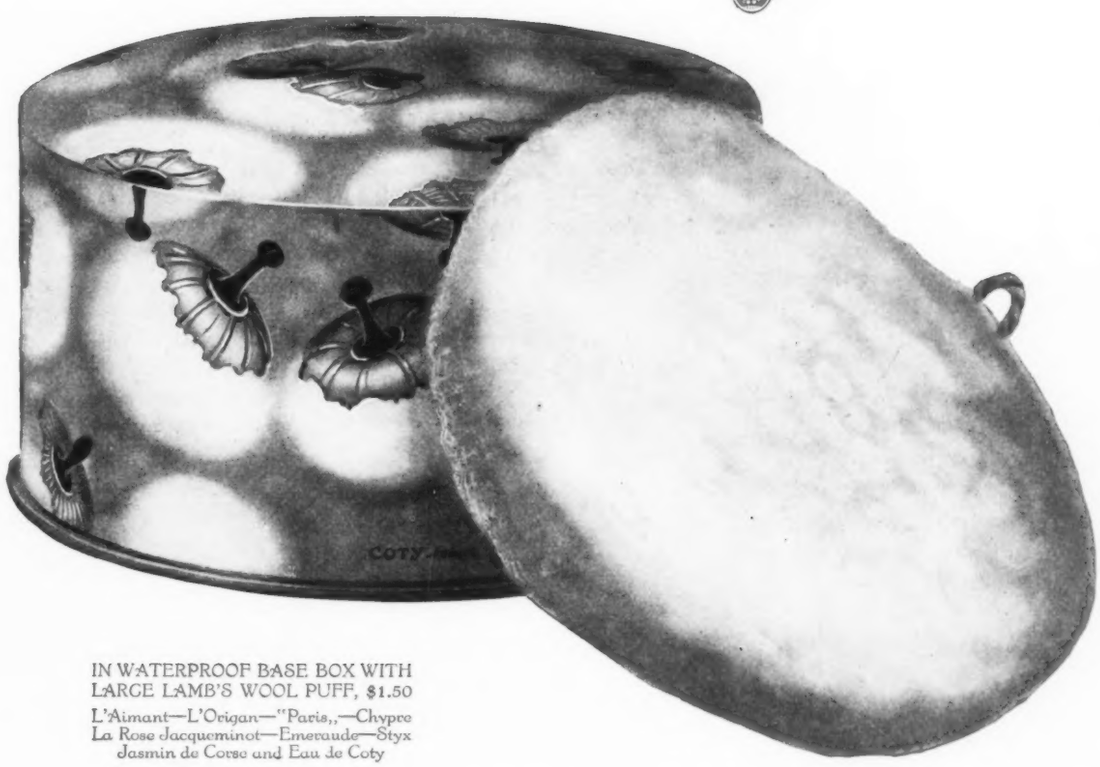
# POUDRE APRES LE BAIN

( DUSTING POWDER )

# COTY

IN L'AIMANT—THE GLORIOUS FRAGRANCE

*Two exquisite creations joined in one for supreme loveliness.* COTY Poudre Après le Bain *—to keep your body silken-soft and smooth —with the* L'Aimant *fragrance to perfume it subtly and seductively.*



IN WATERPROOF BASE BOX WITH LARGE LAMB'S WOOL PUFF, $1.50

L'Aimant—L'Origan—"Paris,,—Chypre
La Rose Jacqueminot—Emeraude—Styx
Jasmin de Corse and Eau de Coty

COTY INC., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

## pity poor penelope!

Sun tan is the rage these days, of course. But Penelope (she's so naive, poor thing) actually tried to get her a swell complexion by staying in the sun! And nearly died before we let her in on the secret of Tangee Tan!

For everyone—that is, everyone who's done things—knows that Tangee Tan is the smart way to acquire that outdoorish look. No oils—no creams—no bother. Just a pat of the puff transforms you into the woodsiest wood nymph who ever trod Park Avenue!

And you can make your fascinating summer complexion just as tan or as light as you wish, for Tangee Tan blends easily with your own favorite face powder! All the drug and department stores have it... and at its modest price (only a dollar) there's no reason why a box of Tangee Tan shouldn't decorate your dressing table!

NEW! SMART!

Tangee—the world's most famous lipstick—may now be had in a superb case of gold and black enamel. Distinctive, aristocratic—a smart creation for the modern woman. Price $2.50, Refills $1.

OTHER TANGEE PREPARATIONS

Tangee Lipstick, in gunmetal case, $1, Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge, $1, Tangee Day Cream, $1, Tangee Night Cream, $1, Tangee Face Powder, $1. Tangee Face Powder also in these shades: Peachblow (Flesh), Rose, Cream, Rachel and White.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

TANGEE TAN

is with us tonight. I think he ought to have a seat in relation to his own importance."

I accordingly had the professor ushered to a seat in the front row. He accepted it without a smile. Apparently he did not see the joke.

Once when I was at San Sebastian I had another example of the relativity of earthly things. We were giving our show, and Anna Pavlowa was also performing there. She was, of course, very highly paid, and I myself had no reason to complain on that score. Although we had known each other for many years, it so happened that we did not find time to meet until one night we found ourselves in the gambling room at the Casino. After a terrible battle with the demon of ill-luck, I had not a penny out of my salary, and I could guess that she was in the same plight. We both swore a solemn oath never to stray into such places again but to stick to art.

LIFE is an extraordinary blend of light and shade. I have told some amusing experiences, and now let me relate one of a different order.

Many years ago D'Annunzio sent a cable to Mr. Gest, asking him if he would care to manage a tour for Eleonora Duse. He accepted, and this was the origin of her first tour in the United States; but at that time the intellectual standard of the American public was far below the present level, and Duse was not appreciated. Several years later, when she came again, on what afterwards proved to be her last American tour, she said to me, very sadly: "Now that I am getting old and have lost my voice they seem to like me. Why did they not come and see me act when I was young and my talent was at its best?"

This, of course, is an illustration of the artist's life and public favor. No one can tell the why and wherefore.

—NIKITA BALIEFF

•

*Graphic Platform*

PLANK NO. 6

A seat for every person in our subway and elevated trains.

"Son of man, stand upon thy feet."—Ezekiel II:1. Daily text suggested by Rev. George Farrand Taylor, Rector St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.

*—Adjoining items in the Graphic.*

Come, let's pull together!

# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

**WHEN you hustle and hurry through your morning shave, if the razor skims over parts of your face—if it only hits the high spots of your beard — something isn't clicking. Like as not, it's the shaving cream. Then's the time to turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream — to the cool, smooth, thorough shave that Squibb's always gives.**

**Experts studied and experimented for four years to perfect Squibb's Shaving Cream. For months they tested it in a barber-shop. It's a great shaving cream.**

**The only way to get to know the bland shaving comfort that Squibb's gives you, is to try it. Drop into any drug store and buy a tube. Only 40c.**

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

*Brooklyn Lodge No. 22, the largest and most successful Elks Club in America.*

# Karl G. Schade

## Manager of the Brooklyn Elks Club, says:

". . . I can say, without hesitation, that I think you have produced the best-looking beverage bottle I have ever seen. . . .

You have also been successful in creating a new and different flavor. It is rich, ripe, and dry—exactly what the members of this Club have been looking for. It is smooth and mellow, like rare old wine, and again you have triumphed because so many ginger ales have that slightly bitter and acrid taste.

As I understand it, the mellowness of Clicquot **SEC** comes from your exclusive process "***Aged 6 Months in the Making***," and there is no doubt in my mind that this process, coupled with your beautiful bottle, will soon make **SEC** the largest selling high-grade ginger ale in this country.

Judging by the sales in Elks Club No. 22, and the comments of the members, you have the final answer to the ginger ale problem."

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Clicquot Club Co.

**Clicquot Club**

**SEC**

GINGER ALE SUPREME

**Aged 6 months in the making**

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

*New York Office:* Two Park Avenue • *Phone Lexington 4063*

***Now sold at grocery stores, delicatessens, drug stores, hotels and clubs.***

DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

# Don't *divorce* him —take him to Tudor City

TAKE one good husband. Mix and mash thoroughly in a subway, elevated or commuter's train and serve with cold dinner at 7:30. Repeat every day but before divorce seems imminent take him to Tudor City. He can walk home refreshed, feeling more like a man—less like a mashed potato. There'll be time for a game of golf before a hot dinner at a respectable hour—with a whole evening to spend as you wish. Here are all kinds and sizes of apartments. Hotel and housekeeping, from 5 rooms for families with children and maids, down to 1-room homes for private secretaries. Tudor City can fit any sized family. And at your call is all Tudor City's service . . . maids, valets, laundry, nurses, garages, restaurants, two green parks and even a miniature 18-hole golf course. Walk over today and look around. Four blocks from Grand Central—a short walk from shops, theatres and offices. Tudor City renting offices, *at the east end of 42nd Street,* are open daily and Sunday until 9 P. M.

*We want you to see a 4-room apartment at Hardwicke Hall. It has a living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, dining bay, bath, foyer and 5 closets. Rents from $179 to $204.*

*And a 5-room apartment at Haddon Hall with living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, foyer, 2 baths and 5 closets. Rents from $229 to $258.*

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., INC.
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LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

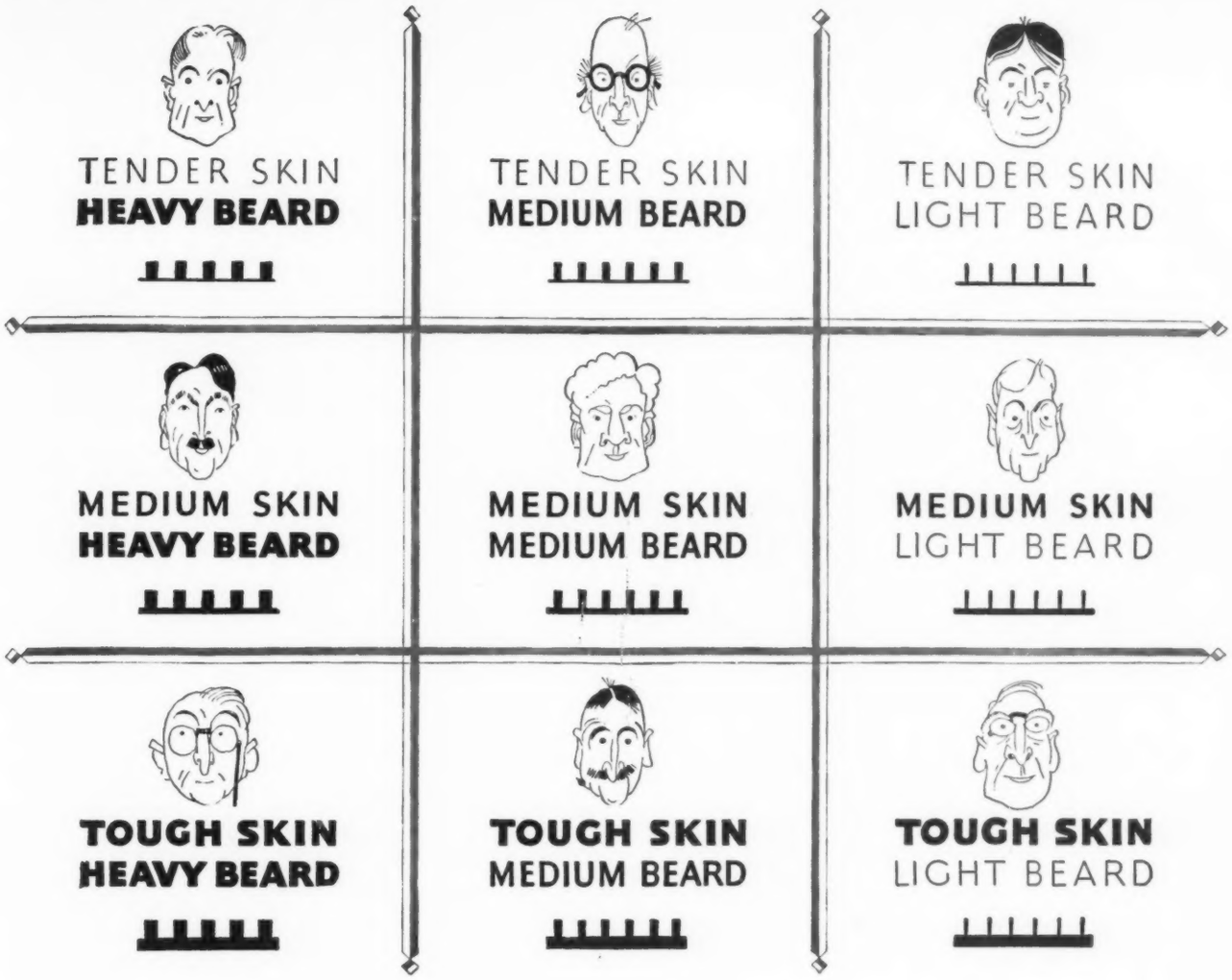
## STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT

SHE is old enough to have smoked when smoking in public was still a trifle defiant. Her hair, limp and unmanageable when straight, goes wildly Circassian under the most discreet permanent. She uses makeup hopefully but by some miraculous process removes every trace of lipstick five minutes after applying it, and she never looks in the mirror without regretting the fact that there is no really adhesive face-powder. She knows that the well-dressed woman is careful about details but on occasions when it is particularly important that she should make a good impression she usually discovers a spot on her dress, loses a conspicuous button, or finds that one of her only clean pair of gloves is missing. These misfortunes she can never explain but accepts patiently as the work of her personal demon.

She is incapable of thrift though she is sometimes forced to practice the most painful economy. When in funds she is gaily aristocratic, frequents the best theatres, rides in taxicabs, tips with an easy liberality, and lunches at the Lafayette and Henri's. In periods of financial depression she becomes morose, gloomy, and slightly socialistic, walks instead of taking the subway, orders baked beans at her least-hated cafeteria because they are so nutritious, and thanks God that her rent is paid monthly in advance.

She is fond of talking, but in the presence of the more relentless type of monologist she sinks into a morbid silence from which no power on earth can rouse her. She is inclined to be shy and dislikes large dinner-parties of strangers, formal receptions, Junior League groups, and worth-while committees.

SHE enjoys casual conversations with taxi-drivers, policemen, bootblacks, elevator-men and street-car conductors, and she is the sympathetic confidante of maids and charwomen, particularly those who are Irish, Italian, or Afro-American. She has, however, certain deep-seated snobbish prejudices. She detests cheap lace, rouged fingernails, milkmaidish makeup, men's suits with




# *Name your beard, Gentlemen*

BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

*King C. Gillette*

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign - language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

★ Gillette ★

# The Toast *of the Season*

**WHEREVER you go this season you'll find Mission Dry whenever there's thirst-quenching to be done. This amazing new sparkling orange drink is the beverage sensation of the year. It fills all the exactly requirements that beverages have to meet these days. Made from fresh California fruit juice, sealed at the groves — delicious, healthful, handy.**

*Bottled at the groves by* California Crushed Fruit Corporation, *Los Angeles New York Chicago*

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

trick lapels, and the display of insignia of any organization, Greek-letter or otherwise. She abominates the deliberate mispronunciation of English words and she could never feel anything but loathing for the sort of person who speaks of children as little people. She speaks French less well than she likes to imagine but has a distinct gift for understanding conversations in languages with which she is totally unfamiliar. She has enjoyed living quietly for a considerable time in certain foreign cities but she has a secret, insatiable lust for sightseeing and is, in fact, a born tourist.

She is fond of masculine society and believes that it is better to marry than to burn but has not lately had great reason to consider either prospect overwhelmingly attractive. She considers most children tiresome and a few children wholly delightful. With those she likes she is extremely popular because of her weak-kneed servility and her total lack of discipline. She feels sure that even if she had children of her own she would be able to feel no affection for them before they were six months old or after they entered high school.

BEING inherently lazy, she works well only under pressure, but she detests routine and is bored by business detail. She is easily impressed by executive ability and is abjectly terrified by complex business organizations. Her phobia for office boys and minor officials and her marked inability to fill out the simplest printed form correctly often cause her intelligence to be rated much lower than it deserves.

Although usually extremely cheerful she is occasionally subject to fits of black depression from which she emerges only by making a series of resolves which she often forgets before she has time to break them. She is unable to feel bored by comparative idleness but cherishes certain unrealized ambitions and will probably continue to cherish them until she dies, still hopeful, at the age of eighty-two.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

Mr. Coolidge has told in less than 45 thousand words not only the complete story of his life but the complete story of our country during the dramatic years of this generation. In these days of long-winded autobiographies and biographies, that's a real achievement.—*Ray Long, quoted by the Associated Press.*

Yeah, but it's still a long way from the story of creation.

# DAILY GRIND

HO, HUM—and the morning bog. Oh, yes—collar buttons—Krementz, of course—a crispy shirt all starched and clean—and you select a pair of cuff links—Krementz again—but how smart you look! The last yawn disappears. There is a distinct advantage in being awake. You go on dressing—things have gone well so far—no struggle about collar buttons—the cuff links simply grand—and now the watch. Ah! A Krementz Band. How easily it slips over the hand. How comfortable all day!—and what style! Your watch secure—it slips up on the arm when you wash your hands. No trouble at all. All these things have helped the daily grind—and it's evening. You dress with care—again—

Krementz Dress Sets—you don't even have to THINK about them. You KNOW they're correct. Here they are in their attractive cases—for tuxedo or full dress.

Featured at the smarter men's shops.

Krementz

JEWELRY FOR MEN

# LUGENE *inc., the optician,*

*announces the development of an utterly new and becoming type of personal mounting for your eyeglasses and spectacles.*

THIS PLATINUM MOUNTING,
SET WITH DIAMONDS
and SAPPHIRES, IS

$300.

OTHERS ARE MORE... AND LESS

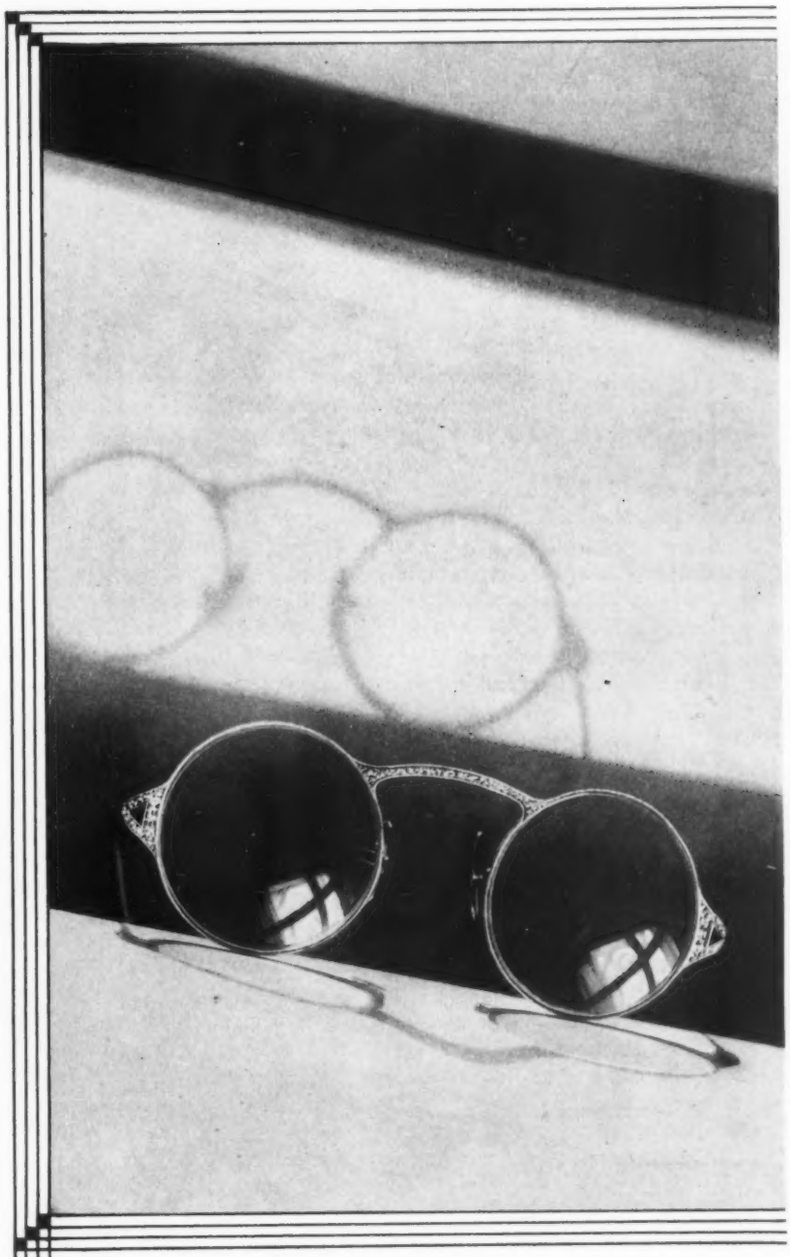
GLASSES, of course, are useful. They are often unlovely.

Lugene set out to devise a mounting for your lenses which should be as self-effacing and genuinely good-looking as any other properly designed bit of jewelry worn near the human countenance.

He has done it. You will unquestionably scoff at the idea of sapphires and diamonds on glasses . . . until you try them on. Then you will accept the fact: that they are in good taste, well-bred, confidently decorative, and wholly unobtrusive—as glasses of course should be.

Oddly enough, Lugene's idea is shared by his patrons; such mountings as these are being worn by people . . . people of calm taste. The idea isn't at all like the girl who wore a diamond filling in her right superior incisor. It's no more preposterous than sapphires in cigarette-cases, or diamonds in powder-boxes . . . less, really. Glasses *are* jewelry.

Lugene will work out, with you, a becoming mounting for your own lenses. The only pair of eyes you'll ever have deserve rather superlative treatment, after all.

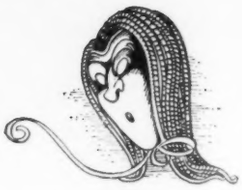


LUGENE, *inc., has, as you know, two establishments in New York:*

MAIN STORE: 600 Madison Ave., between 57th & 58th Sts.

UPTOWN: 976 Madison Ave., between 76th & 77th Sts.

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS



## FULL FATHOM FIVE

THIS is the story just as I heard it the other evening—a ghost story told me as true. It seems that one chilly October night in the first decade of the present century, two sisters were motoring along a Cape Cod road, when their car broke down just before midnight and would go no further. This was in an era when such mishaps were both commoner and more hopeless than they are today. For these two, there was no chance of help until another car might chance to come by in the morning and give them a tow. Of a lodging for the night there was no hope, except a gaunt, unlighted, frame house which, with a clump of pine trees beside it, stood black in the moonlight, across a neglected stretch of frost-hardened lawn.

They yanked at its ancient bell-pull, but only a faint tinkle within made answer. They banged despairingly on the door panel, only to awaken what at first they thought was an echo, and then identified as a shutter responding antiphonally with the help of a nipping wind. This shutter was around the corner, and the ground-floor window behind it was broken and unfastened. There was enough moonlight to show that the room within was a deserted library, with a few books left on the sagging shelves and a few pieces of dilapidated furniture still standing where some departing family had left them, long before. At least the sweep of the electric flash which one of the women had brought with her showed them that on the uncarpeted floor the dust lay thick and trackless, as if no one had trod there in many a day.

They decided to bring their blankets in from the car and stretch out there on the floor until daylight, none too comfortable, perhaps, but at least sheltered from that salt and cutting wind. It was while they were lying there, trying to get to sleep, while, indeed, they had drifted halfway across the borderland, that they saw—each confirming the other's fear by a convulsive grip of the hand—saw standing at the empty fireplace, as if trying to dry himself by a fire that was not there, the wraithlike figure of a sailor, come dripping from the sea.

After an endless moment, in which neither woman breathed, one of them somehow found the strength to call out, "Who's there?" The challenge shattered the intolerable silence, and at the sound, muttering a little—they said afterwards that it was something between a groan and a whimper—the misty figure seemed to dissolve. They strained their eyes, but could see nothing between themselves and the battered mantelpiece.

THEN, telling themselves (and, as one does, half believing it) that they had been dreaming, they tried again to sleep, and, indeed, did sleep until a patch of shuttered sunlight striped the morning floor. As they sat up and blinked at the gritty realism of the forsaken room, they would, I think, have laughed at their shared illusion of the night before, had it not been for something at which one of the sisters pointed with a kind of gasp. There, on the still undisturbed dust of the floor, on the spot in front of the fireplace where the apparition had seemed to stand, was a patch of water, a little, circular pool that had issued from no crack nor, as far as they could see, fallen from any point in the innocent ceiling. Near it in the surrounding dust was no footprint—their own or any other's—and in it was a piece of green that looked like seaweed. One of the women bent down and put her finger to the water, then lifted it to her tongue. The water was salty.

After that the sisters scuttled out and sat in their car, until a passerby gave them a tow to the nearest village. In its tavern at breakfast they gossiped with the proprietress about the empty house among the pine trees down the road. Oh, yes, it had been just that way for a score of years or more. Folks did say the place was spooky, haunted by a son of the family who, driven out by his father, had shipped before the mast and been drowned at sea. Some said the family had moved away because they could not stand the things they heard and saw at night.

A YEAR later, one of the sisters told the story at a dinner party in New York. In the pause that followed a man across the table leaned forward.

"My dear lady," he said, with a smile, "I happen to be the curator of a museum where they are doing a good deal of work on submarine vegetation. In your place, I never would have left that house without taking the bit of seaweed with me."

"Of course you wouldn't," she answered tartly, "and neither did I."

It seems she had lifted it out of the water and dried it a little by pressing it against a window pane. Then she had carried it off in her pocketbook, as a souvenir. As far as she knew, it was still in an envelope in a little drawer of her desk at home. If she could find it, would he like to see it? He would. Next morning she sent it around by messenger, and a few days later it came back with a note.

"You were right," the note said, "this is seaweed. Furthermore, it may interest you to learn that it is of a rare variety which, as far as we know, grows only on dead bodies."

AND that, my dears, is the story as I heard it the other evening, heard it from Alice Duer Miller who, in turn, had heard it five-and-twenty years before from Mrs. George Haven Putnam, sometime dean of Barnard College and author of that admirable work, "The Lady." To her I must go if—as I certainly did—I wanted more precise details. So to Mrs. Putnam I went, hat in hand and, as an inveterate reporter, showered her with questions. I wanted the names of the seaweed, of the curator, of the museum, of the two sisters, of the dead sailor and of the nearby village on Cape Cod. I wanted a roadmap marked with a cross to show the house in the grove of pines. I wanted—but the examination came to a dead stop at the sight of her obvious embarrassment. She was most graciously apologetic, but, really, what with this and what with that, she had forgotten the whole story. She could not even remember—and thus it is ever with my life in science—who it was that had told it to her.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

# PACKARD

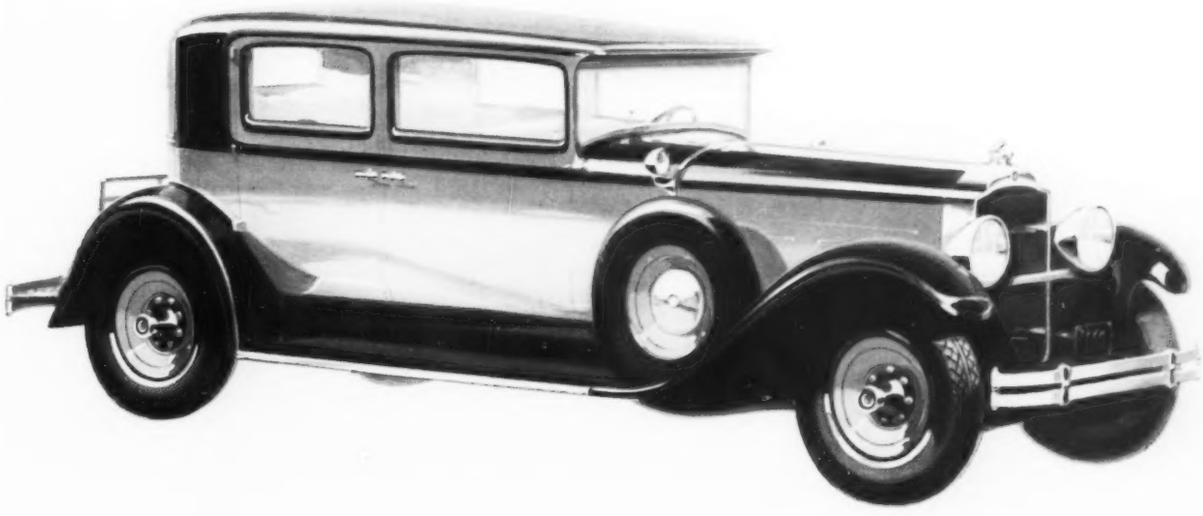
*Over uncharted seas New England clipper ships sought and found a rich commerce —establishing permanent trade routes*

The log of Packard achievement records the sailing of many uncharted waters—the marking of many new channels of progress for the guidance of an industry. Packard has most often found the way now generally followed.

For thirty years a policy of creative research has contributed to Packard supremacy. The automatic spark advance, spiral bevel gears, four wheel brakes, instant chassis lubrication and now a unique and exclusive shock absorbing system—these are but a few of today's proven motor car features originated or sponsored by Packard.

Packard's reputation for advanced engineering and design is firmly established—in the air and on the water as on the highway. Packard's intent is ever to excel—to build for a discriminating and growing clientele a motor car of acknowledged quality leadership, both mechanically and artistically. Those at the helm of Packard management will hold to no other course.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



*Presenting Fashion's newest . . .* *Jantzen Color Harmony Sets* . . . two matched Jantzens in a choice of harmonizing colors for your type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. A choice of models, too. The new Jantzen *Sun-suit,* with low cut neck and armholes . . . ideal for sun-bathing as well as swimming! The voguish Jantzen *Twosome* . . . two-piece appearance with one-piece comfort! The regulation Jantzen . . . smart in its simplicity! For those in and out of the water several times a day, these color harmony sets are indispensable. As the gift distinctive, they are inspirational.

You can depend on the Jantzen to give you smartness in its trim, graceful lines, to give you absolute comfort and freedom for swimming and to assure you perfection of fit . . . *always.* For Jantzen is tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. It fits you lightly, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle.* Due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, it has permanent elasticity. See the new Jantzen models at your local stores, for men, women and children. Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 42, unbreakable rubber button on larger sizes. Bright hues, pastel shades, stripes. Color-fast. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 66, PORTLAND, OREGON

Send me free *'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'* showing Jantzen colors best suited to my type; also suggestions for creating a colorful beach ensemble.

Name_____ Address_____

# THE TENNIS COURTS

*Nordics at Bay — A Shock for Diehards— August, 1914*

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, no Englishman has won the championship at Wimbledon during the last two decades. It has been galling enough to see the American singles title carried off to France three times. For twenty years England has watched a long succession of outsiders parade victoriously across the most ancient lawn-tennis turf in the world. A. W. Gore was the last English player to win the championship. That was in 1909. Since then the title has always been in the possession of an Australian, an American, or a Frenchman. Anthony Wilding held it from 1910 through 1913; Norman Brookes won it in 1914; after the war, Gerald Patterson carried on the tradition of unconquerable Australian tennis. Then came Tilden, in 1920 and 1921; Patterson again, in 1922; and William Johnston in 1923. Ever since, the tricolor has waved annually above Wimbledon, for the victories of Jean Borotra, René Lacoste, and Henri Cochet.

ON the eve of the forty-ninth tournament, which starts June 24, England again finds itself without illusions of victory, resigned to a continuation of the French reign, or perhaps a return of the title to America, though that possibility appears remote. If, however, the English have no illusions, for the first time since 1919 there is some faint hope of an eventual return to the position held in the early years of the game. Such optimism is based largely on the promise shown by H. W. Austin and Dr. J. C. Gregory, who, early this month, decisively defeated the South African team in the European Davis Cup ties. It was the most encouraging showing a British team has made in the international matches for almost a decade, and combined with Dr. Gregory's victory in the Australian championship last winter, and the improvement noted in every member of the English squad that toured the Antipodes and America, it


*How the*

**LINIT Beauty Bath**

*Smooths a Rough Skin*

*"A Skin Like a Rose Petal!"*

**"A SKIN Like a Rose Petal!"—every woman wants to think that about her skin.**

**And it is so easy now to keep the skin soft, smooth and silky by daily Linit Beauty Baths.**

**As you bathe in Linit, a fine "coating"—invisible to the eye—evenly covers every part of the body. After drying, this coating of Linit remains—and gently helps to protect your skin from chafing. And in cases of chapped or irritated skin, Linit has a soothing, delightful effect.**

**The chief ingredient of Linit is pure Starch from Corn. As a vegetable product, it contains no mineral particles to irritate the skin.**

**In fact, so highly regarded is the purity of Starch from Corn, that Doctors usually recommend it for the tender, super-sensitive skin of babies.**

**Try the Linit Beauty Bath today. Merely swish half a package in your tub and bathe as usual. Simple—and inexpensive!**

**Linit is sold by your Grocer.**

**THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.**

Roses of yesterday

are surpassed today

A ROSE-PETAL complexion was counted the Victorian belle's dearest treasure, but her beauty was delicate. There's nothing delicate about this laughing miss who so gaily tosses back her sunbonnet and "gardens" to her heart's content, yet her complexion rivals the fairest of grandmother's day.

The women of today spend every blessed minute in the glorious sunshine with never a fear for their complexions. Glyco-Thymoline Soap gives them the protection that the girl of fifty years ago found in long sleeve gloves and sunshades.

To the outdoor girl Glyco-Thymoline Soap is a boon. Its creamy lather leaves her skin so soft and velvety. It freshens as it cleanses. The subtle perfume is like a lingering caress. *At your druggist — 25c.*

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY 361-363 Pearl Street, N.Y.C.

GLYCO
THYMOLINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOILET
SOAP

A DAINTY SOAP FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS


has served to dissipate the pessimism that has darkened the outlook so long.

HOWEVER, the future nation of destiny may turn out to be neither England nor America, but Germany. The report of the tie between Germany and Italy must have been sensational in Rome; it created quite a stir even this far away. After their success in the European zone last year, it seemed certain that the Italians would reach the challenge round again. Some tipsters favored England, but no one gave a thought to Germany; though in 1926 Vincent Richards prophesied that once they were readmitted to the Davis Cup matches the Germans would have to be reckoned with seriously. He must have known what he was talking about, for didn't Dr. Heinz Landmann beat both Richards and Howard Kinsey? The team that defeated Italy had Dr. Landmann as a member, and it also had Hans Moldenhauer. A team with two singles players as strong as this pair, and a doubles combination with the ability of Moldenhauer and D. Press, is not to be confidently ignored.

WHAT a match it would be should Germany get into the challenge round and face her former foe! One recalls the last Davis Cup match Germany played before the war; or, rather, in part, during the war. The matches started July 30, and both the Germans and the Australians were so restless that at any moment, it was felt, they might refuse to go on. The war, already considered inevitable, was the sole topic of conversation at the club. The two teams kept to themselves, and the Germans, Froitzheim and Kreuzer, made it known they would leave as soon as war was declared, whether or not the matches were finished.

As a matter of fact, they played for several hours while the war was on, for when the last point had been played on August 1, an excited voice from the press box informed the spectators that word had just come over the wire announcing war had been declared earlier in the afternoon. Brookes and Wilding remained to win the cup in the challenge round, but Froitzheim and Kreuzer sailed at once. Their ship was captured, and they were sent to England and interned.

Froitzheim still plays a fair game of tennis, but when Richards was visiting Berlin in 1926, he declined a match with the American. —A. D.

# *If you prefer* Noise *with your work* why not have it *Musical?*

It is said that the stars of Movieland do their best work when inspired by the strains of appropriate music. But who ever heard of a sale closed to music? Or a conference conducted to the strains of Mendelssohn's Spring Song?

All noise is disturbing in business. And of all distracting office noises, the commonest and costliest is typewriter din . . . that incessant clatter that drowns out the telephone caller, plagues the thinker, disturbs discussion, slows up the typist, and raises the whole pitch of the office to a thought-destroying hub-bub.

There are two classes of business men who tolerate typewriter din. Those who, for some strange reason, endure it; and those who have not yet had the fortune to know the REMINGTON NOISELESS TYPEWRITER. To the latter this advertisement is addressed.

We want him to know that besides doing its job with utter noiselessness, the REMINGTON NOISELESS is a *better* typewriter, built on a new principle . . . a pressure-stroke instead of a hammer-blow; doing better work faster and with less effort from the typist.

A telephone call will bring a REMINGTON NOISELESS to his office for a demonstration . . . one of the most profitable half hours he has ever invested.

**Remington Noiseless**

**TYPEWRITER**

IT TAKES THE *BEDLAM* OUT OF BUSINESS

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE INC., *Typewriter Division*, 374 Broadway, New York City, Telephone WORth 7500

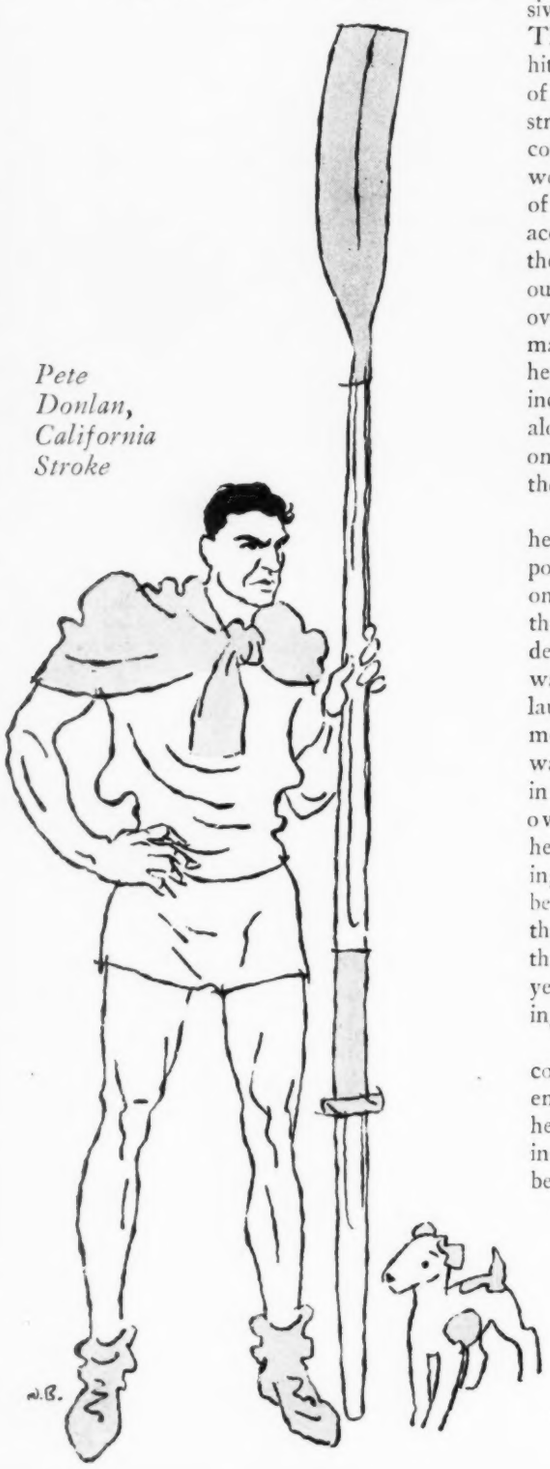
# THE OARSMEN

*Coaches, Coxes, and Occasional Strokes—Columbia Follows Orders—Philosophy in a Shell—Local Color*

FOR the men of eleven rowing colleges, a season that started last September comes to a finish this weekend. At New London, the eights of Harvard and Yale carry our oldest college sporting tradition through its seventy-seventh year; on Monday, the greatest fleet that has ever raced at Poughkeepsie will gather at the stake-boats for the annual regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. In less than an hour, allowing approximately twenty minutes to a race, the hopes of more than eight months will be abruptly settled.

*Columbia's leader, Horace Davenport*

OF all the sports in which men take part, rowing is the most fairly contested. A crew can't win merely because it has a large squad, an expensive coaching staff, and clever scouts. There is no rushing in of a pinch-hitter or a new pitcher; no sending in of a new quarterback to change the strategy. Those eight men and their cox, who have been painstakingly worked over during the long months of training, stand or fall on what they accomplish by themselves. Once at the stake-boats, there is no climbing out of the shell until the race is over. No substitute takes an oarsman's place for a few minutes while he gains a second wind. Every inch of the course has to be travelled alone, and the momentary failure of one man ends everything that day for the entire crew.



*Pete Donlan, California Stroke*

The coach is a helpless figure after he has sent his eight off. The resources possible in football or baseball, where one can juggle substitutes and talk to the men halfway through a game, are denied him. When his charges have walked their shell down the float, launched it, and climbed aboard, he merely says a word or two, and then watches them row away. His part in the affair is over. Everything he knows of rowing and men has been poured into that crew during the whole academic year. There is nothing more he can do.

The coxswain becomes the coach's emissary so far as he is able. Last instructions have been given him, but the oarsmen do not always obey his orders. Sometimes they are physically unable to respond; occasionally a stroke will lose his head and suddenly take over command.

IN rowing, generalship consists mainly in knowing what strength you have, and when and how to use it. The stroke can collaborate with the cox. He tells, by the feel of the boat under him, how it is going, and how much power is left. Nearly every crew is sent out with a fairly definite plan in mind, and in a race between two, such as that between Yale and Harvard, the directions are simple and flexible. You have only one rival. When, however, there are eight others spread across the river like a school of waterbugs,

*Samuel Crumpit took his clarinet lesson early so he could sail with the Plimsoll's—but my! he felt silly when he realized he'd come* IN THE WRONG HAT . . . *How he wished he'd dropped in a shop of* KNOX, *The Hatter, on his way to the yacht club.*

* * * *

**The stores of Knox are convenient to every rendezvous of smart New Yorkers:**

711 *Fifth Avenue* (at 55th) · 452 *Fifth Avenue* (at 40th) · *Roosevelt Hotel* (Madison at 45th)

*Paramount Building* (Times Sq.) 161 *Broadway* (Singer Bldg.)

# MESH KNIT GOLF HOSE FROM ENGLAND

## Lightweight wool-and-rayon

## $3.50

One of the very new notes observed at Palm Beach by Carr Kitson, our style observer, was the mesh knit golf hose. In plain pastel colors—a self-color diamond pattern. Lightweight wool-and-rayon effectively combined to afford airy coolness and wear-resisting staunchness. Colors are pale blue, camel, white, lemon, reseda green, Ascot grey, Cambridge grey, Riviera (red), mulberry; sizes 10 to 12.

*Mail orders promptly attended.*

## WALLACH BROTHERS

NEW YORK BROOKLYN NEWARK JAMAICA, L. I.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

the situation is more complex. Last year's Poughkeepsie race is a perfect example of what can happen. Cornell set a blazing, blinding pace for two miles, and then fell back, burnt out. Had California and Columbia kept up in the first two miles, it is possible that an entirely unexpected crew might have slid through to victory. The two knew one another, however, and each was instructed to watch the other. Columbia apparently had also been told to make its greatest effort in the third mile. It did, and hadn't quite enough power left in the fourth.

THIS year, judging what will happen at Poughkeepsie is going to be unusually hard; a number of good crews are entered. In addition to California and Columbia, Cornell will probably be dangerous; Washington and Wisconsin are at least possibilities. The Navy crew has shown promise all season; there is a newcomer, Tech; and both Pennsylvania and Syracuse have been noticeably improved. No cox will be happy as he tries to keep his eyes on the other eights and his prow pointed dead for the three-mile red marker on the towering bridge.

CY THURSTON, graduate manager of Syracuse, and the stroke of the last Syracuse varsity to win at Poughkeepsie, has a homely philosophy which served him during that race. At the start, Cornell went slamming out at a terrific pace, but Thurston refused to increase his speed. "I figured," he said, "if they could row that fast over the four miles, they deserved to win. If they couldn't, I knew they'd come

# A GOLDEN TAN IS THE INDEX OF CHIC

## *. . . but the preceding sunburn is torture*

UNQUESTIONABLY, a skin of golden tan is smarter this summer than ever before. But that makes sunburn no less painful. How shall one gain the envied tan without the agony of sunburn?

The answer to this problem is Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. This preparation is quite different from other sunburn preventives. It does *not* prevent tanning, but it *does* prevent burning. And you can forget you have it on!

Smooth a little Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream over all the exposed surfaces of your skin before going into the sunlight. Sunburn Cream actually absorbs that narrow portion of the sun's ultra-violet ray which is the cause of the burning and blistering of the skin.

It does *not* shut off *all* sunlight from your skin, as a protective garment does, but it does absorb that part of the sun's rays which are responsible for *burning*. Thus Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream encourages a rich, becoming tan — while at the same time it prevents painful burning and blistering.

A bottle of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream costs two dollars and will ordinarily last an entire season. It is a creamy lotion, delicately scented; it does not make your skin sticky or greasy, but leaves it smooth and soft. You will find Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.

© D. G. 1929

# DOROTHY GRAY

*Dorothy Gray Building*

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON • ATLANTIC CITY

# CINDERELLA HAD IT • • • AND

CLAIBORNE FOSTER, talented star of *Gypsy*, says: "I've never found anything so good as Lux Toilet Soap for refreshing the skin and keeping it satin-smooth."

VIVIENNE SEGAL, of *Three Musketeers'* fame, has a complexion that is noticeably lovely. She gives it regular and intelligent care with her favorite Lux Toilet Soap and says: "A smooth complexion is very important to every girl—but unusually so to an actress. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin refreshed and smooth."

HELEN CHANDLER, who was so charming this season in *The Marriage Bed*, says: "I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so freshly smooth and soft."

JUNE WALKER, who starred in *Bachelor Father*, is another of the famous stage stars who, like nine out of ten beautiful Hollywood stars, use Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "I love Lux Toilet Soap because it gives such a wonderful smoothness to my skin. It is just like the finest French soaps."

JOAN BENNETT, who starred this season with her famous father in *Jarnegan*, also guards the loveliness of her fair skin with Lux Toilet Soap—which is made by the same method as are the fine toilet soaps of France. She says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

RUTH LYONS, who recently played in *Night Hostess*, says: "I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine."

HELEN MORGAN, one of the high-lights of *Show Boat*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is delightful for keeping the skin at its best—lovely and smooth."

MANILA POWERS, playing in *The Red Robe*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderfully satisfactory in keeping the skin velvety-smooth."

POLLY WALKER, attractive star of *Billie*, says: "I've found Lux Toilet Soap an invaluable help in keeping my skin beautifully smooth."

# BATHSHEBA HAD IT . . .

# AND CLEOPATRA *CERTAINLY* HAD IT . . .

## and all these lovely Actresses have it . . . and *keep* it

The prince said it to Cinderella—
And David said it to Bathsheba—
And Anthony said it to Cleopatra—

"Lady," said each hero in his own language (Anthony's Latin was *particularly* ardent), "you have the most beautiful, the most charming, the most *enchanting* skin I have ever looked upon!"

There's no doubt about it. Lovely skin—clear and smooth and soft—is a woman's most *appealing* charm. It has been—and always will be.

The beautiful women of the theater must take especial care of their skin—they are the center of observation not only *on* the stage, but *off* the stage.

And like nine out of ten Hollywood stars, the stars of the New York successes are using Lux Toilet Soap. They find that it keeps the skin so attractively fresh and smooth!

Because of the actresses' enthusiasm for this daintily fragrant, white soap, leading theaters throughout the country have placed it in their dressing rooms. In New York alone it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters—just as in Hollywood every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for dressing rooms.

If you aren't already using Lux Toilet Soap—try it. You'll like it, too! Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

MARY LAWLOR, who starred in *Good News* and *Hello Daddy*, says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap lovely for keeping the skin soft and smooth."

DOROTHY STONE, starring in *Three Cheers*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap does leave the skin so wonderfully immaculate and smooth!"

MARY NASH, who starred in *Command to Love*, says: "An actress must keep her skin satin-smooth, and Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous."

WILDA BENNETT, who played in *Lovely Lady*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin such an exquisite feeling of smoothness."

DORIS EATON, who appeared in *Cross My Heart*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap does keep the skin so very fine and smooth. And that is so important."

SHIRLEY VERNON, who played in *Good News*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the same velvety smoothness fine French soaps used to."

BERNICE CLAIRE, of *The Desert Song*, says: "Never was there a more wonderfully satisfactory soap for keeping the skin satin-smooth."

HELEN MENKEN, who has been starring in *Congai* this season, says: "I like Lux Toilet Soap immensely—it keeps my skin so utterly smooth."

At journey's end, raise the snug-fitting cover of your AVIATRIX . . . look . . . your dresses are as fresh and smooth as the moment you packed!

It's almost startling how luxuriously this light, substantial, new luggage creation accommodates the wardrobe requirements of your limited trips.

And appearance! Whether you're on the train, in the plane, 'board ship or at a fashionable resort, you'll be proud to be accompanied by the AVIATRIX.

From $10 upward, at the better shops and department stores.

| A | B | C |
|---|---|---|
| Aviatrix Lock | The Hangerobe | Shoe Section |
| Lies flat against cover of case. Your dresses cannotcatchandtear. | Exclusive packing feature. Protects dresses against wrinkling. | Keeps shoes from contact with other contents of the case. |

Patents Pending

1. Lay dresses over the top.
2. Raise the hangerobe.
3. Fold dresses back.
4. Fasten retainers.



THE AVIATRIX BY WHEARY

Manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin
New York Branch: 295 Fifth Avenue Textile Building


back." They came back before the finish.

LOCAL COLOR: The burlesque race at New London, rowed in strange costumes by student helpers from both camps. Not to be won, for that would jinx the varsity next day. . . . Slightly puzzled enlisted men clinging to rigging and superstructures as the varsity crews reach the halfway mark at the submarine base. . . . The iron-clad rule against yachts' moving along the course, which once brought about the arrest of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. . . . Hanging on masts, the biggest Yale and Harvard banners ever seen. . . . The freshman numerals painted on the cliffs of the Palisades at Poughkeepsie. . . . This year, Columbia's 1889 crew manning a shell for a reunion paddle the day before the regatta. . . . And at both New London and Poughkeepsie, the surrender of the losers' shirts and the ducking of the victorious coxswain.

—R. F. K.

•

## HOLES IN STOCKINGS

[AND WHAT THEIR OWNERS SAY TO SHOE CLERKS]

BACHELORISH GENTLEMAN, Age 43: "Hmm. Damn laundry. 'Mending and repairing' they say, and I suppose this is a sample."

Peppery Vixen, Age 20: "Look! Did you *ever?* . . . Why, that hole. Look at that hole. Can't you *see* it? Oh that's awfully nice of you to pretend *not* to see it, but I think it's perfectly dis*gus*ting the way even the best stockings . . ."

Office Worker, Age 33, Male: "Huh. See that? Well, I guess darning is a lost art just like a lot of other things."

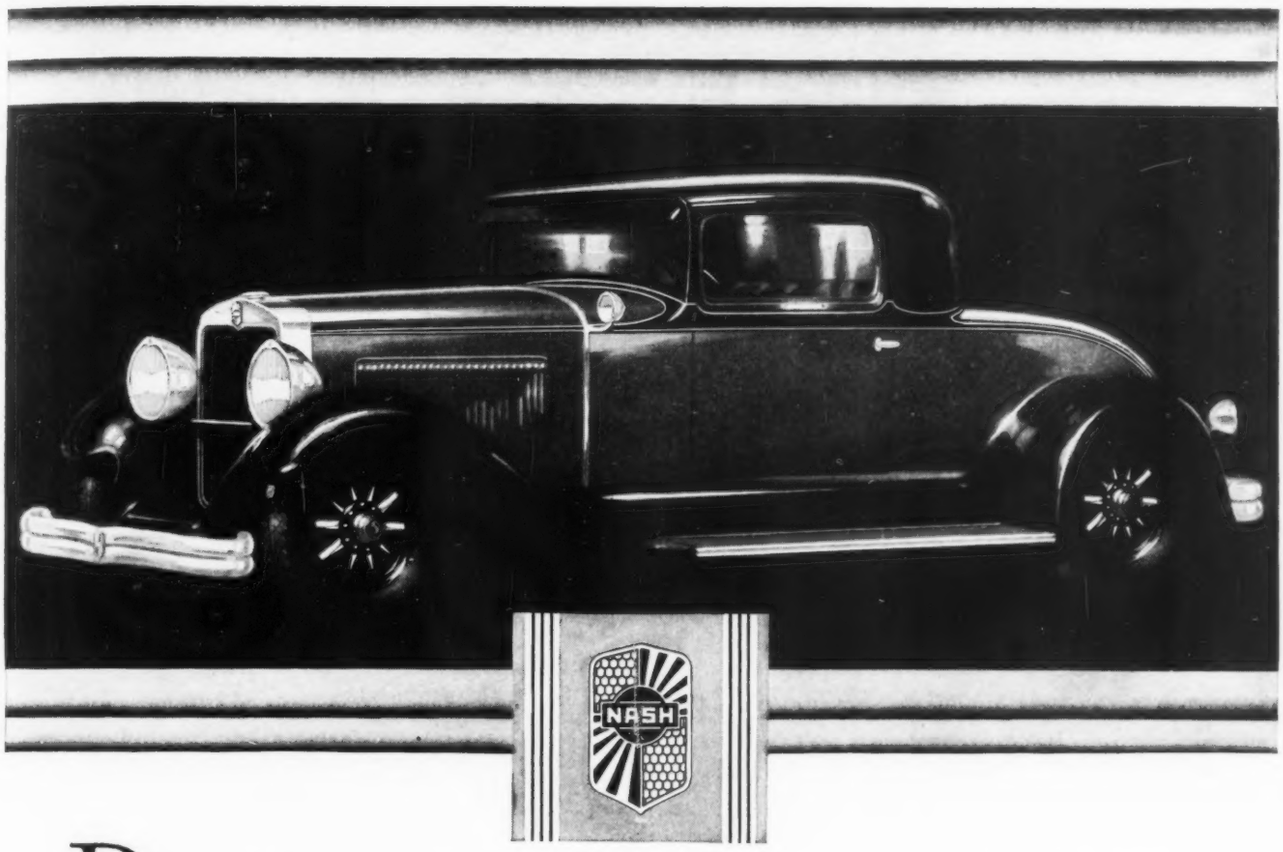
Sunburned, Healthy Male, Age 40: "Doesn't look so good, eh? I said it doesn't look so good. 'F course you have no way of knowing I'm in the Navy but I am, and you wouldn't exactly call that shipshape, eh?"

Fordham, '31: "Now before you take off that shoe let me tell you you won't be disappointed. I have two holes in my sock, no matter which one you pick." —JOHN O'HARA

•

Miss Marguerite Dunlevy and brother, Ross, entertained a company of friends one evening decently.—*From a Philadelphia paper.*

Credit where credit is due.




# DO NOT EXPECT "400" PERFORMANCE FROM ANY CAR BUT THE NASH "400"

MONEY cannot buy finer performance than Nash engineering has built into the Nash "400". That is a broad statement, but "400" performance backs it up.

You can prove it to your own great satisfaction by driving this new and finer motor car.

In the "400" Twin-Ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head motor, Nash engineering has given to the motor car the same cardinal principles of stamina, power and gasoline economy already acknowledged supreme in aeronautics. The Twin-Ignition motor produces, as compared to the same motor with single ignition, 22% more power, 5 miles per hour more speed, 2 extra miles per gallon of gasoline.

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And see what Nash engineering has done to give more comfort and relaxation to all your travel—by lowering "400" weight—by giving each "400" model, alloy steel springs individually designed for its load—and by hydraulic shock absorbers with an exclusive outboard mounting which greatly increases their easeful action.

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*Leads the World in Motor Car Value*

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# Magic Fingers That Bring Beauty

Fingers that smooth out *age* and mold in *youth*. Fingers that awaken sallow tired skins to radiant loveliness. The punctiliously trained and talented fingers which administer Helena Rubinstein treatments.

They await you, these magic fingers, in the most modern of Salons. Eager to serve your beauty with the rarest, most potent preparations in the world —the creations of Helena Rubinstein.

Come, let them tune your loveliness to the summer scene. With cooling refreshing lotions, with protective unguents, with make-up as fashionable as it is flattering.

A Course of treatments is suggested as the wisest sort of preliminary to your summer sojourn. Even the advice alone, which is an essential part of every Helena Rubinstein treatment, will prove invaluable to you.

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# TEE AND GREEN

*On Being a Spectator*

ALTHOUGH it has been quite a while since people around here had a chance to watch the greatest yearly golf event in the world — the National Open—many of those who go down to Mamaroneck next week won't see any golf at all. They will see large, rolling fields, bordered with sandpits and strips of woodland, and covered in sections with hurrying crowds; they will see red-faced fellows with badges, pulling ropes around and shouting orders; they will see the back of Bobby Jones' head and one of his ears. They will be hot. They will find that the shoes they bought last month are too tight after all. Others will see everything that happens and answer questions confidently, going home, just as though they had read it all in the papers. Some mysterious law divides all followers of the game into these two groups—those who know how to watch a tournament and those who don't.

WE admit that in the past we have struggled without much success against the difficulties and irritations of being in a big gallery, but at Winged Foot we are going to have an easy time. We have looked the land over and devised a scheme that ought to work. When you have watched the drives, approaches, and putts on the first and second holes, don't go on to the third but climb the rise between the second green and the fifth. From there you can see the players come up to the green and putt out; or, by moving over a little either way, you can watch the wooden shots from the third and sixth tees. The course doubles back again at the thirteenth; in the stretch between that green and the seventeenth you can watch, in the same way, two greens and two tees. If you get down late, don't bother with the first nine at all; walk back along the eighteenth to that stretch of turf and let the field come up to you with their spoons at the thirteenth—a mean one-shotter into the woods.

SOME fans go to tournaments not to see a contest but to improve

"Normandie Farm"
*for Sale*

Unique and very charming country estate of 60 acres in the wooded hills back of

Stamford, Conn.

about an hour from New York

CONVENIENTLY located just off a main highway yet delightfully secluded and protected by the close proximity of several fine country clubs. Adjoins the golf course of the Woodway Club, whose picturesque rolling acres the house, from its position high above, overlooks. The bridle paths of the Ox Ridge Hunt Club traverse the property by permission. A brook also courses through the grounds.

The house, designed especially to harmonize with its rustic setting, stands on an ideal site at the top of a steep wooded slope. Of an uncommon type, it is extraordinarily attractive, of finest modern construction and equipped with all the up-to-date conveniences. The central feature is a great living room, with generous fireplace, opening upon a roughly flagged terrace and lovely rock garden. Besides the usual essentials there are also reception room, flower room, 5 master bedrooms, one with dressing room, 5 baths, sleeping porch, 4 maids' rooms with bath, and servants' dining room; laundry, abundant storage space, new oil furnace, coal and electric ranges, Frigidaire. Entire house newly decorated, painted and in perfect condition for occupancy.

The grounds, largely in natural woodland, are cleared near the house and attractively planted with ornamental trees and shrubs. There are large flower and vegetable gardens, tennis court and croquet lawn.

The outbuildings, which conform to the style of the main dwelling and are placed a suitable distance away, include a gardener's cottage of 5 rooms and bath with 2 additional service bedrooms and bath; 4-car garage, stable, kennels, chicken house, garbage incinerator, etc.

Owner would entertain a proposition to lease, furnished.

*Brokers fully protected*

Samuel N. PIERSON

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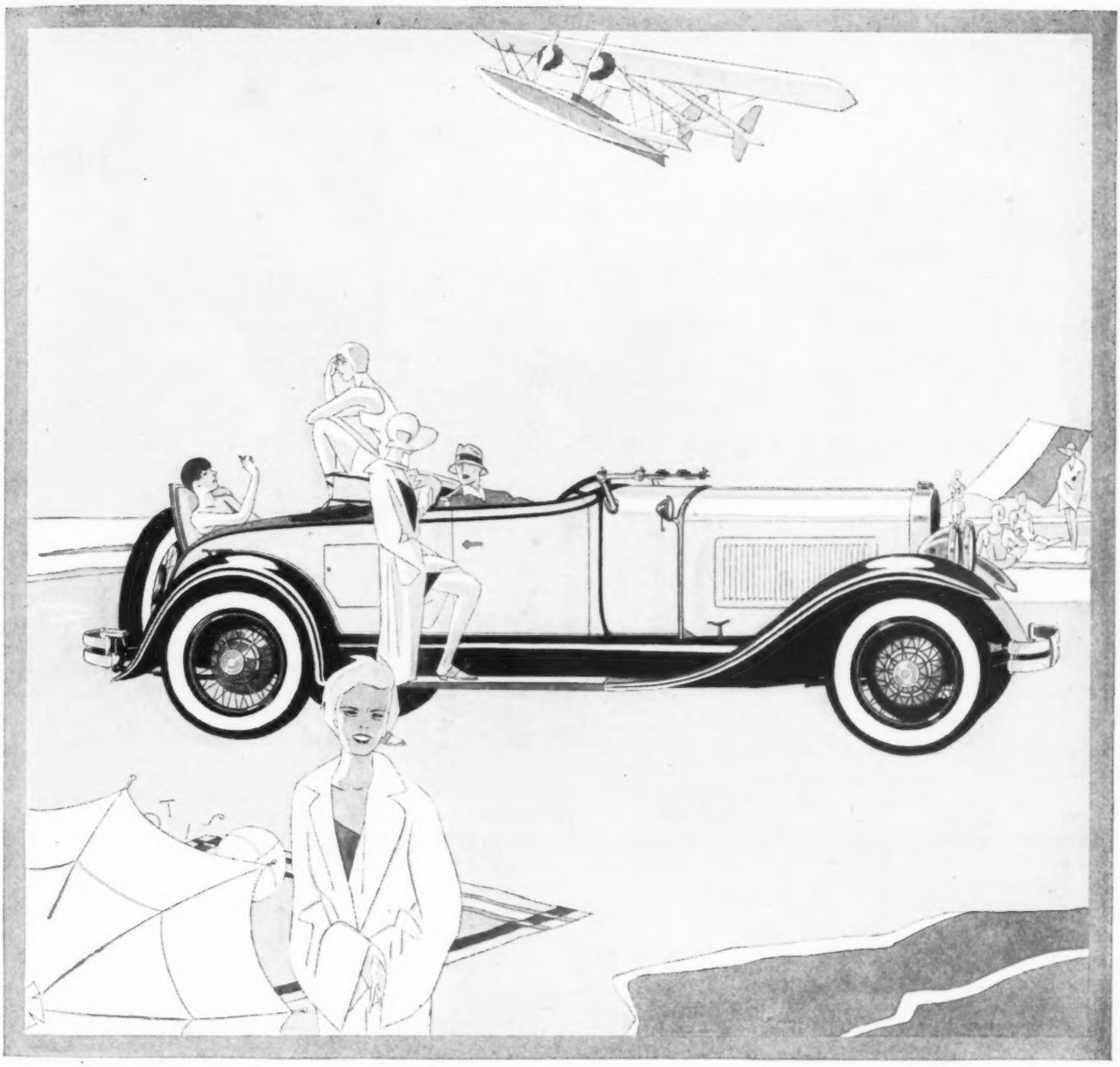

*Studebaker President Eight Roadster $1785. Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. On each, 5 wire wheels standard; roomy rumble seat. Commander Six Roadster, wood wheels, $1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.*

STUDEBAKER style is the visible expression of Studebaker speed and stamina. Champion performance won for these great straight eights and sixes *every* official stock car record for fleetness and endurance . . . including eleven world records. Studebaker's artisans have told this inspiring story exquisitely in coachcraft and in color . . . adding the postscript of travel-ease unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring suspension. With this result: Studebaker now sells *more eight cylinder motor cars than any other maker in the world*—and sells them at low One-Profit prices.

# STUDEBAKER

*Builder of Champions*

what a whale of a difference
just a few *strides* make . . .

*Yes . . .*
*and what a whale of a difference*
*just a few* **cents** *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

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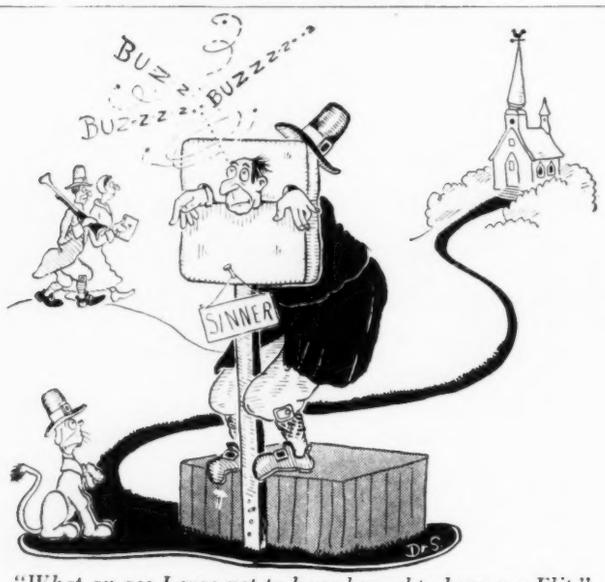
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.




*"What an ass I was not to have brought along my Flit."*

*Advertisement*

their game by studying shots. They want to see how the pros drift a high iron to a raised green or play an explosion shot, then they shift to get some points on a short pitch or a tee shot. Following such a system means standing for long stretches in parts of the course that make necessary or likely the sort of playing you want to see. At Winged Foot the best place to watch Johnny Farrell and the other great iron players chip short ones up against the flag is the stretch of clipped fairway in front of the fifth—a 517-yard hole called Long Lane. A few heavy hitters will get there in two, but very few; many, thinking of the traps that wait to catch even well-handled brassies, will play safe and short, counting on making their approach take the place of a putt. The eighth is nicely open to a No. 2 iron; they will be using a No. 4 at the first, the fourth, and the eighteenth, with its high, pretty green. If you want to see prominent players hacking out of the rough or taking a stroke for an unplayable water lie, watch them at the Pyramids, a 400-yard hole with a dangerous green set at the end of a narrow valley, across a brook.

PROBABLY the best way of all to watch a tournament is as an assistant marshal. To become one used to be easy. You simply went to some member of the club who was a friend of yours and he got you one of those bamboo sticks with red flags on them that assistant marshals carry. With such a baton, you are immediately important. Where the gallery has collected to watch some exciting bit of play, you stroll up and poke the nearest people with the end of your pole, and pass through. At other times you shout, "Give them room! Give them room!" and push spectators around until you have cleared a space where you can sit down and watch comfortably. If you are sensitive about disturbing those around you, and halt with miserable hesitancy behind a group that has secured places of advantage, some other marshal will remind you of your boisterous rôle. He will inquire scornfully why you are loafing back there. —N. B., JR.

•

FRENCH TO ATTEMPT
TRANSATLANTIC HOP
AND THE NEW YORK TIMES WILL TELL
STORY OF THEIR FLIGHT TO PARIS
*—Headline in the Times*

And we will listen, as of yore.

# Without Necessity of Shower Baths!

WE own two cars. Nellie and the children took one to Maine for the summer season. It is an all-right winter car, but for a New Yorker in July—it is hotter than a telephone-booth. How it encourages old man Fahrenheit to do his worst is nobody's business.

OUR other car is a Dodge Brothers Senior, and bless the man who prescribed it for me! It's as smart a car as the Vandercook's big custom cruiser—the one they think so ritzy because they paid such a tremendous price for it. And talk about custom-built. I don't know what more you could ask for in quality, in beauty and in style than this Senior of mine affords. It simply has *everything*.

AND I can drive our Senior every day—all summer—without feeling that I'd had a workout in the gym after each run and ought to make a dash for the showers.

FOR one thing, its body is so cleverly designed—so roomy and well ventilated—you get a fine circulation of air without being tempted to try to unbutton the rear quarter, like a Paris taxi-cab.

THE motor stays cool—and odorless. And there's no "rasseling" with gears—nor a "daily dozen" with the steering—to start the brow a-trickling. Densest traffic holds no horrors. You sit serenely at the wheel defying everything with utter nonchalance. I drive it through even lower Broadway, Lafayette Street and Fifth Avenue with calm composure. I never before owned a car that inspired such perfect peace-of-mind.

NELLIE writes that the other car is doing nicely at Kennebunk, only she'd rather have the Senior. *But the Senior stays in town!* I don't mean to be selfish about it, but I simply couldn't endure the thought of giving it up. I grow fonder of it every time I drive it. And I'll continue to pay homage to Dodge Brothers—with a crisp collar and a cool temper—through another sizzling season.

THE LANDAU SEDAN (*wire wheels extra*)

## DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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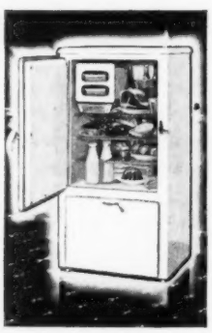
**You can well afford to have it in your home, on Kelvinator's attractive Re-DisCo monthly budget plan, which applies to all Kelvinator models.**



**The Four is the newest of Kelvinators—entirely automatic in control and operation; keeping foods at healthful temperatures every day in the year; quiet and reliable; a faithful servant, delivering perfect service 24 hours every day.**

*Hundreds of homes which have waited for quality automatic electric refrigeration at a price and on a basis they can afford can now enjoy such refrigeration with the new Kelvinator Four*

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KELVINATOR SALES CORPORATION


# LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JUNE 12

THE customary election party at Selfridge's was glittering. Mr. Selfridge seems to bring to the stage-managing of these affairs the same talent which has brought into being the colossal pillared frontage in Oxford Street. Election night at Selfridge's is as much a London institution as Selfridge's itself. There is something magnificent about the emptiness of the store after nightfall, an occasional electric globe emphasizing the vast darkness. Mr. Selfridge had planted a Hawaiian band upon the roof, floodlights on the pillars outside; and, inside, a jazz band, the flower of the aristocracy, every actress worth her salt, every author who tops the twenty-thousand mark, and unlimited champagne.

IN the street the great uninvited public was jammed a hundred thousand strong, listening to the voice of the loudspeakers. In Selfridge's, that well-known figure, the toastmaster of the Mansion House, wearing his red coat, bawled the results above the crash of jazz and the yell of conversation. With each new Labor gain the roar of the mob below surged through the open windows. The dancers had the air of frightened Neros fiddling. Mr. H. G. Wells, prophet and protagonist of more and better Utopias, cheered as lustily as the most enlightened British workingman. In that elegant assembly his voice was raised alone. He was a little excited. A friend said, "You're in a very hostile crowd tonight." "Do they expect me to be cowed?" he cried, and cheered more bravely than before.

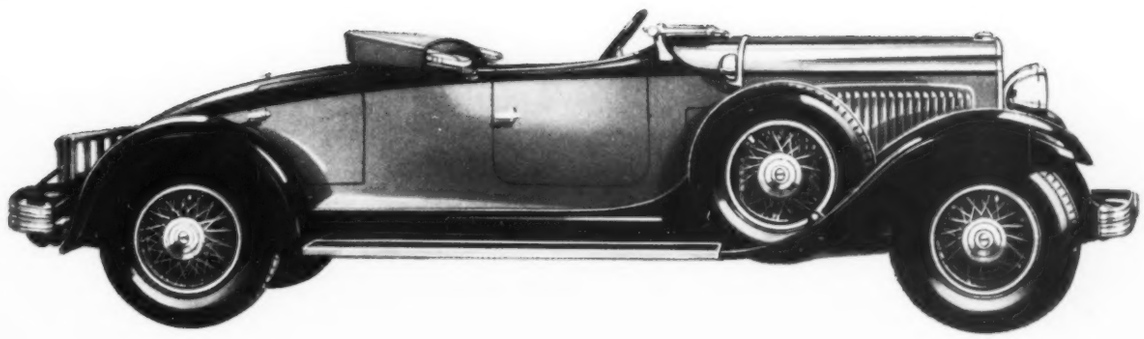
MEANWHILE the serious business of life went on. For weeks before the Derby the pleasant lanes of Surrey saw the slow coming of the gypsies moving up from all parts of the country with their caravans, plodding horses, and untidy, striding women, converging upon those Downs which become for one week in the year a little replica of London, with a fashionable spot here and there, and a great acreage of slums. This time the gypsies were warned off the Downs, but they were there all the same, and a good thing, too. For those who like horseflesh and the exhausts of motor cars, the Derby is well enough, but to the student of human nature the day before is the real day, with the gypsy town laid out in streets of caravans, the bookies unpacking their stands and big umbrellas, close-faced trainers confiding in whispers, horses being led surreptitiously about, and a great jostling of fortune-tellers, tipsters, and sneaks.

It was a pleasant amusement on a warm June evening, after dinner, or when the dance grew stuffy, to motor down to Epsom and see the sights, to cross a wrinkled palm with silver and be warned of tall men, and threatened with long journeys, many children, and other inconveniences.

IT is a peculiarity of the London season that it takes place mostly in the country. The balls and the private dances are not a tithe of it; the real London season is the Flower Show, cricket at Lord's, the Derby, Henley Regatta, and Goodwood. The Flower Show at Chelsea is in full bloom now and the gardens of that charming old "hospital" for veteran soldiers are a good sight for eyes tired of pavements. This is the paradise of old ladies with parasols and little dogs, who bring their gardeners with them in the car and parade the paths with pencil and paper, and a scrupulous enthusiasm for new blooms.

THE Aldershot Tattoo, started a few years ago by some enterprising militarists with an eye for color and paternal theories about amusing the troops in their spare time, has grown from a small affair to one of the most elaborate entertainments of the year. In a tremendous natural arena outside

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



IMPERIAL ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*), $2895 *at factory. Wire wheels extra*

## ULTRA-FASHIONABLE

# *A New Imperial Custom Roadster*

CONNOISSEURS of motor car beauty have accepted the new Chrysler Imperial as the most beautiful roadster on the road. It is self-evidently today's masterpiece of style and symmetry—a sports car different from all traditional designs. The new custom body is the finest expression of the sophisticated taste and masterly technique of Locke, who designed it. The sloping silhouette and the curve of the bas-relief modeling which sweeps with graceful flourish across the lower section of the body are new notes in roadster appearance —focal points of charm and distinction. The rumble seat compartment has a door on the curb side and a separate windshield, fitted, like the folding windshield in front, with non-shatterable glass. Beside this alluring smartness and newness of custom-body treatment, the new Imperial Roadster possesses that smooth, animated, sparkling performance which instantly typifies the masterful genius of Chrysler engineering. Price, $2895 at the factory. Wire wheels extra.

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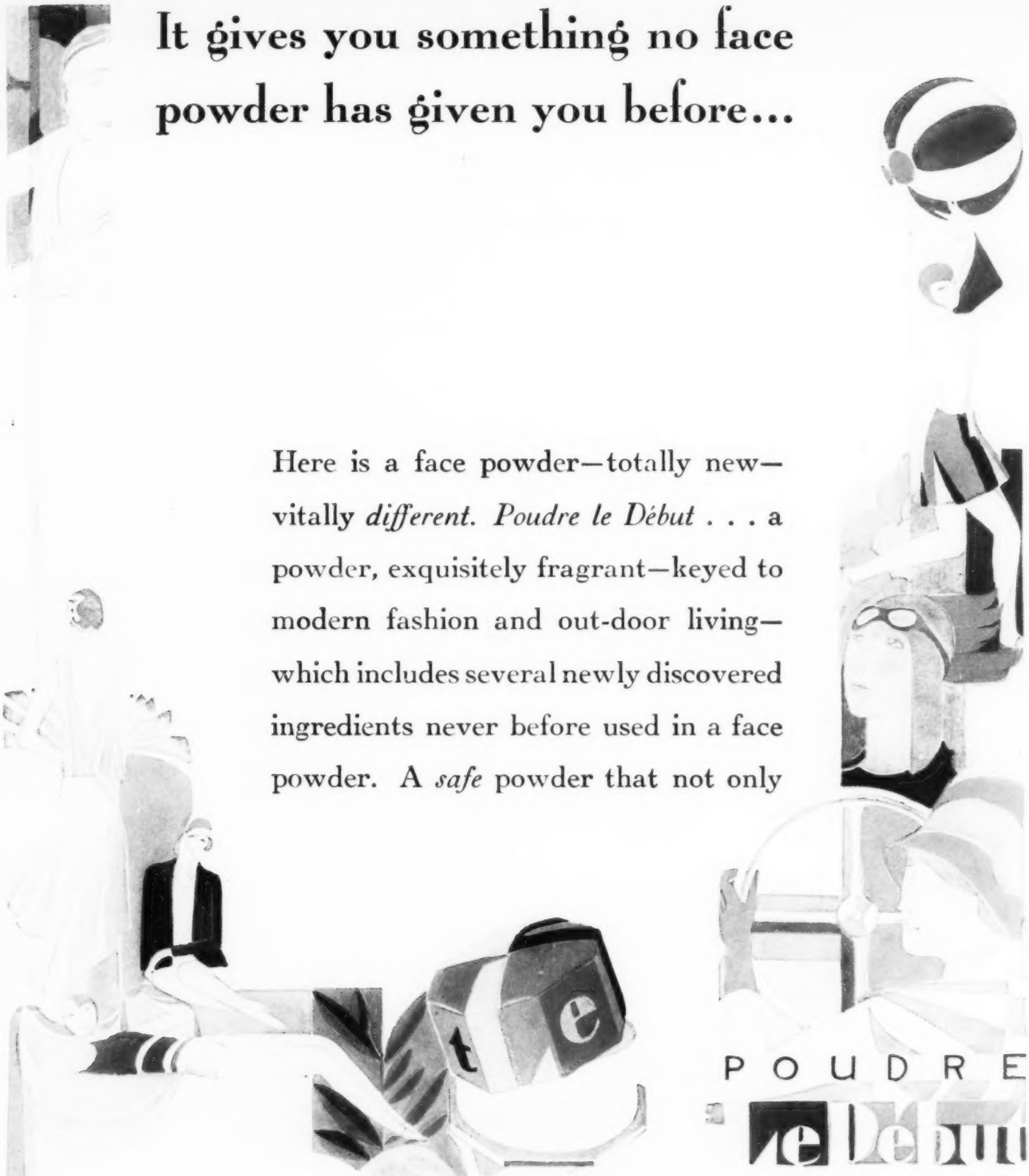
IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER

# It gives you something no face powder has given you before...



Here is a face powder—totally new—vitally *different. Poudre le Début* . . . a powder, exquisitely fragrant—keyed to modern fashion and out-door living—which includes several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder. A *safe* powder that not only *protects*, but one with a smooth, velvety, even texture and subtle range of *natural* color tones that blends perfectly with the tone and texture of your skin and brings you new loveliness . . . . And it adheres indefinitely.

POUDRE

If there is one thing *Poudre le Début* is not, it is not "just another face powder." It is the result of an effort to discover, for the first time, what the modern woman really needs in a face powder—and to give it to her. An achievement which required two years of intensive scientific research and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion and modern style . . . and several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder.

**What powder offers you this?** • First, it *protects* the skin. *Poudre le Début* guards against the ill effects of wind, dust or city soot. It is not only a safe powder (apply it as often as you like) but it has properties actually beneficial to the skin . . . If you burn or freckle easily, just try it and see.

For another thing, it is so unusually fine and smooth-textured that it blends with an almost invisible, velvety loveliness into your skin. A powder that never cakes, dusts off or smears—and which adheres indefinitely.

Also, it is offered in what is perhaps the most complete range of *natural* colors ever found in a face powder.

This fine, even-textured powder brings out and delicately accents your own lovely coloring—subtly, as color seen through chiffon—so that the powder becomes a very part of your face . . . It will bring to your skin an unimagined beauty.

FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

*"Pearl"*—for the fair skin with color.
*"Pearl with glow"*—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
*"Naturelle"*—to match the medium-toned skin.
*"Sun-tint"*—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

*"Rachel"*—for the brunette with color.
*"Rachel with glow"*—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
*"Ocre-rosé"*—a warm tone for the olive skin.
*"Sun-tan"*—a tan for the brunette skin.

**With the loveliest of lovely fragrance** • A fragrance that suggests Paris. Just what you'd expect from the makers of the exquisite *Parfum le Début* . . . And the box—so colorful and *modern*—adds a gay decorative note to the smartest dressing-table.

RICHARD HUDNUT
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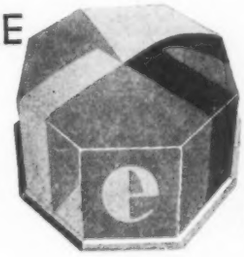
*Poudre le Début* is as near a custom-made powder as you'll find anywhere... It may be had at the better shops.

POUDRE




Le Début

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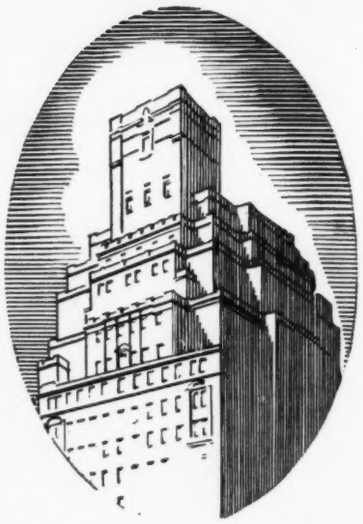
Aldershot, capable of seating a hundred thousand people, an enormous pageant is staged. One sees the battle of Waterloo in costume, the retreat from Moscow (with Moscow burning electrically a mile off to the left), and a mimicry of modern war—tanks crawling monstrously through clouds of gas, and airplanes swooping and roaring a comparatively few feet above the heads of the people. This sounds dull, but it appeals to that fatal and most elementary emotion, patriotism. The scale of the production is immense. The massing and stage-management of crowds are brilliant, and the picture of great bodies of men moving as one man, lit from all sides by giant searchlights, is unforgettable. It makes the most jaded and disillusioned jazzer feel that perhaps there is something in Kipling after all, and that the good old British Empire, the white man's burden, and other relics of the Victorian Era still have something to be said for them.

ARNOLD RIDLEY has followed the success of "The Ghost Train" and "The Wrecker" with "Keepers of Youth." He is not, perhaps, so happy in the rôle of serious playwright as in that of a seer who knows precisely what the public wants. Having discovered the public wanted that really amazingly lifelike reproduction of a passing train which made the success of his first play, he produced "The Wrecker," in which the same train passed and repassed very nearly *ad nauseam*, with the illusion heightened by filling the auditorium with a judicious admixture of steam and smoke from burnt oily rags.

"Keepers of Youth" carries on the tradition of repressed schoolboys, immoral masters, and pretty undermatrons. This play should be popular with the schoolboys. The goings-on in the masters' common-room! You never saw such doings! When himself a boy, the headmaster, massively portrayed by Mr. S. Barbe-West, was expelled from school—the audience is left to guess what for. Fortunately for the sake of the plot, this fact is known and exploited by his games-master, Mr. Knox, who, like every other games-master, from "The Loom of Youth" onward, is a cad of the first water. This gentleman consequently is in a position to do what he likes, especially with the attractive under-matron. The play proceeds incredibly, but perfectly to the audience's satisfaction.

—A. G.

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*Great progress has been made in permanent hair waving, by Eugène.*

Today, every woman may have beautifully wavy hair in either the deep-set English style or the wide, rolling *ondulations Parisienne.* And every woman should know the invention that made this possible—The Eugène Sachet.

This ingenious device is the secret of gentle, natural permanent waves. Its patented perforated steam-tab gives precise control of the steam, adapting itself to every type and condition of hair—and making it possible to wave the new growth of straight hair as often as necessary—without rewaving the old wave!

*Avoid the Bargain Wave!*

Pay the price for expert skill and be sure your permanent waver uses *genuine* Eugène Sachets—26 to 40 of them for each wave or re-wave. Look for the Eugène trade-mark symbol boldly stamped on each Sachet.

*Would You Like to See One?* We will gladly send you a sample Eugène Sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting illustrated booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of *genuine* Eugène Wavers in your vicinity.

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EUGÈNE

PERMANENT WAVES

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

THE first thing that you notice about the models from the midseason collections at Lord & Taylor is the increased length of all the skirts shown—and pretty funny it looks, too, to see a perfectly tailored little tweed sports coat terminating its mad career several inches below the knee. Aside, however, from this exaggeration of the tendency that started forth blithely in the August collections, there is very little that is new to report, except in individual models which may, or may not, be significant.

There is Schiaparelli's little green tweed suit, for instance, with three buttons below the high collarless neckline of the jacket, and a belt, in front only, that is at the normal waistline and is all of four inches wide. When you first look at it, you feel like a photograph of yourself several years ago, but the chic of the thing grows on you. The blouse of this suit is of yellow crêpe Elizabeth, and the lining of the jacket is of shantung. Shantung, in fact, appears as a lining to many, many sports clothes; Schiaparelli uses it again on a red and black tweed affair that is high-waisted and severe, with a neckline which crosses simply high on the collarbone and buttons there. This has patch pockets that stick way out on the hips, and a black shantung lining which is perfection itself. Régny, old reliable as usual in the sports line, shows a coat of an aquamarine and brown tweed that has a tailored revers collar in fur, is so tight down to the waist that a girl can hardly breathe, and is so cut below the belt that you find yourself with a perfectly divine figure—rare indeed where tweeds are concerned. Louiseboulanger, clinging to yokes as usual, glorifies a new one with invisible tucks below it, which are repeated below the pockets at the hipline and above the cuffs. Vionnet clings to her cowl collars that terminate in scarves down the back, sometimes of fur and sometimes of self-fabric, and is doing all sorts of things with bias treatments in the back that make the entire coat—sleeves, collar, and all—seem to be cut in one piece. Molyneux introduces his favorite little short cape in back. This time, on a coat with a huge circular collar of fur, it turns into sleeves as quickly as possible.

Aside from these, and the Paquins, which as usual have to be seen to receive full justice, lots of velours and heavy broadcloths are being used, and zigzag tucking and fur in odd collars and scarves—pretty dull I find them, too. The models may be seen now at Lord & Taylor; faithful copies will be on sale toward the end of July. Just an early autumn warning.

HERE and there around Bonwit Teller, she began in her jaunty way, are many, many items that should interest all well-meaning women. There is a little tailored hat of starched black maline, for instance, very sheer, turned up sharply in front, and charming, with your dinner dresses, for outdoor dancing—really an excellent solution to the old problem of what to do if skullcaps are unbecoming and dancing partners resent being tortured with large brims. There is a travelling felt hat from Reboux that is ravishing—turned up sharply at one side of the front, with a zipper starting over the right eyebrow and taking a diagonal course across the crown, where the tabs terminate jauntily behind one ear. When the zipper is pulled out, the hat falls into two parts, connected at only one place, in the most packable manner.

In the bathing-suit department, there are several things of interest. One is a collection of little silk bathing

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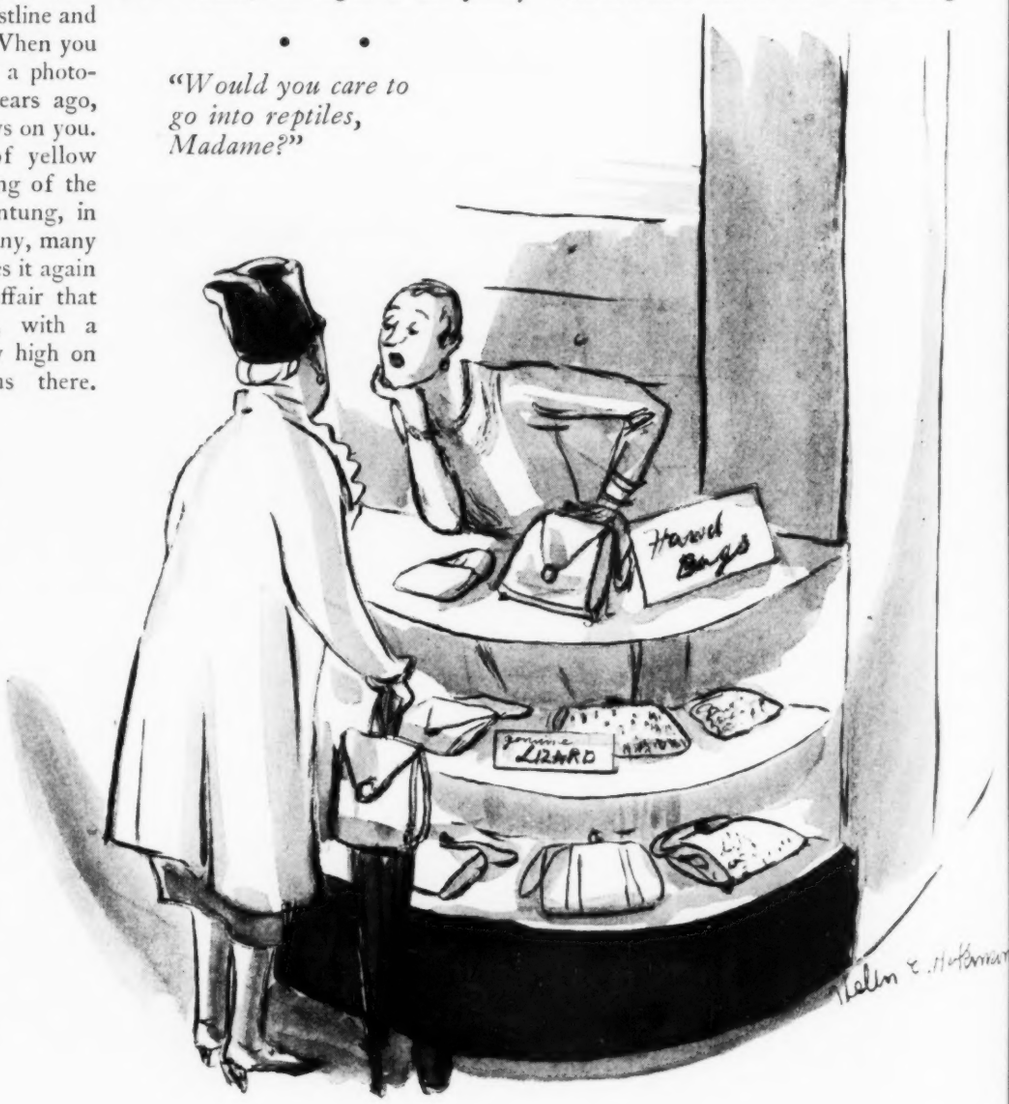
*"Would you care to go into reptiles, Madame?"*



# A ROOM WITH A VIEW OF FASHION SUPREMACY

*Cool... aristocratic... with an air of quiet efficiency... the Third Floor is the fashion mecca for smart women who select their ready-to-wear in leisurely manner... On June days, you may see the monde elegante en route to Southampton or Newport... to Europe... considering the height of fashion in the salon that is dedicated to it. It is possible to choose a complete wardrobe... from the most mannered of dinner gowns, to a simple sports suit... with the assurance that you are anticipating the best of Paris and of our own designers. On the Fourth Floor, Made to Order... On the Second, coats, also gowns in larger size... On the Street Floor, hats... the new glove department... hosiery... bags... perfumery... jewelry and accessories.*

BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

*OBTAINABLE ONLY AT PLUMMER'S—Exact reproduction of OLD CHINESE FAMILLE ROSE SERVICE, first produced for the French market. Now being MADE BY THE FAMOUS ADAMS FACTORY IN ENGLAND. HAND-PAINTED ON ITS CELADON BACKGROUND IS A TESSELLATED ROSE COLOR BORDER AND FLOWERS IN GAY NATURAL COLORS. Dinner plates $15 per doz. Teacups and Saucers $15 per doz. All open stock.*

# FOR THE DEFINITION OF "EXCLUSIVE"— SEE WEBSTER'S OR PLUMMER'S

**WEBSTER went in for lexicography and made good. Plummer's saw more promise in China and Glass and is getting on nicely. Yet you can go to either one for the meaning of "exclusive" and be happy with what you find. For here at Plummer's are beautiful patterns in China that cannot be bought at any other store in America! They are "exclusive" with Plummer's! The purpose, of course, is to enable patrons to avoid duplication in the gifts they make and the services they place upon their own festive boards. Incidentally, Plummer's is a five-floor shop given over to perhaps the most beautiful array of china, glass, earthenware and pottery ever brought under one roof.**

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
*Modern and Antique China and Glass*
*7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York*
*Near Fifth Avenue*

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 Pratt Street

suits imported from France and printed in those grand off-colors that the French blend so beautifully. The suits themselves consist of a straight little tunic with shorts of the same fabric attached in a manner that makes for the least possible bulk around the waistline. These are decidedly out of the ordinary—I have seen nothing else like them in town. You might also look at beach robes of a new fabric called shredded palm leaves —slippery and beige and light in weight, lined with towelling and having little cock-eyed giraffes, elephants, and primitive men in soft contrasting wool applied on them. There are lots of sets of beach robes and pajama trousers to match in all possible fabrics.

Among the pajamas, you should look at one having the widest blue linen pants possible, and a candy-striped longish linen jacket that is fitted like a smoking jacket to the waistline, where the tucks are released to flare out a bit. Look at the linen pajamas that, by reason of a surplice closing in back, have an adjustable décolletage on the jumper, and are further glorified by a pair of red linen pants and a tailored jacket.

The little-or-nothing underwear craze for summer has a new contribution here in the form of imported sets that include a crêpe de Chine wrap-around petticoat on a yoke, a pair of shorts as abbreviated as children's creepers, and a brassière, embroidered, and dainty as possible. And—this should really interest you!—there is a little gadget of crêpe de Chine, edged with Valcale and discreetly embroidered, that has four garters, a chemise strap, and a way of clinging to the figure. It is perfectly enchanting. —L. L.

## THIS AND THAT

### *Down to Fundamentals —Waggish Little Men*

FOR summer, a gentleman known as Delman, who operates a shoe shop in Madison Avenue (you couldn't have heard of it—no shoes fit the foot more charmingly, and news of this sort never gets around), is showing marvellous new fabrics for evening shoes, either to wear this summer or to have assembled for your winter night-clubbing. On

# The "PRINCESS"

## *peck & peck's lovely*

## SHEER SILK STOCKING

## *at* $2.00

*Unless you know "Princess" you do not know the best looking $2 stocking in town. Unless you wear "Princess" you cannot know how long-wearing a sheer silk stocking can be.*

PRINCESS is the name of a splendid stocking and Peck & Peck are its sponsors. And never in our long study of lovely limbs and their cloaking hose have we fashioned a stocking that gives so much beauty and so much service for such a modest sum. Pure silk from toe to top, a French Picot edge, 31" long without strain or stretching, full fashioned and flawlessly styled . . . its virtues are a dozen-fold and its price but a modest $2.

**PECK & PECK**

Fifth Ave., *at 55th* — Fifth Ave., *at 42nd*

Fifth Ave., *at 47th* — Madison Ave., *at 69th*

**WELL, I GUESS THE AUTOMOBILE IS HERE TO STAY**

Here we have a dare-devil of 1900, hurtling through space at 15 m. p. h. In those days, when the horseless carriage was a thing of wonder, Melachrino was an old favorite.

For 50 years, people of discriminating taste have preferred this fine cigarette. Each year since 1879, Melachrinos have gained new friends. Try the refinement and mildness of the finest quality cigarette in America!

*Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon*

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50. B. 6-22-29

Initials _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

**MELACHRINO**
**CIGARETTES**

1879-1929 — 50 YEARS A LEADER
*QUALITY* STANDS THE TEST OF TIME

STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

© THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY

*Dean's*

**WEEK-END BOXES OF CAKE**

EVERY week-end of summer brings guests—but with an equally regular arrival of a Week-End Box—entertaining becomes less trying and more distinctive. Thirty-two assortments of Dean's famous Cakes—$3, $4, $5 and $8.

Sent postage paid anywhere East of the Mississippi.
Let us send our illustrated "Week-End Box Booklet."

**22 EAST 57TH ST., NEW YORK**

*Telephone: Regent 3900*


custom-made shoes, he has fascinating Beauvais embroidery on white satin, embellished with gold, pearl, or bead embroidery. He has new Indian brocades in silver or gold, very heavy and classical. Also, he is doing a great deal with cobweb designs on fabrics for evening shoes—sometimes embroidered over crêpe de Chine in metal thread; sometimes painted on the fabric in a manner that looks like embroidery and has a luminous quality under electric light. The ombré satins in pastel colors go on and on, so he reports; as do the crêpes de Chine he handles so well. For summer afternoons, you can find lovely kid slippers, with open shanks and one strap, that have incrustations of kid in three colors clambering around the heel. And if you haven't a pair already, you should invest in one of his beach sandals in Indian print, for they have a quality, unique among sandals, of being so constructed that the straps across the foot do not raise blisters.

IN answer to the wail of woe voiced by this department a couple of weeks ago, a gentleman called William Leland, M. Cp., hastens to inform me that, although a chiropodist, he is not "hoity-toity, medical, nor important" in the matter of beautifying the feet as well as making them healthy. He goes on to say: "Since not one in a thousand has attractive feet, there is little demand for beautification of feet"—a non sequitur if ever I heard one. Certainly, if you intend to go about in high society with your tootsies emerging brazenly from sandals, he is worthy of your interest, for he seems to be one in a million. He does his deadly work in Room 403 of the New York Central Building, and his number is Lexington 9015.

OVINGTON is presenting new additions to the vogue for little carved gentlemen who wag their heads and whistle "The Sidewalks of New York," and other favorites when you pull down a lever. Two new ones are electrified, so while the whistle is going on the whole affair lights up charmingly. You may take your choice between Night Wanderer, who carries a handsome lantern and is eighteen inches high, or Student Holding onto a Lamp-Post. If you do not care about the lighting fixture, however, there is a grand assortment of ragmen, vagabonds, Tyrolese, beer drinkers, and so on to choose from. Prices range from $25 to $45. —L. L.

## HOW TO FIND A BIG SIMPLE TRUTH IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

LET us first suppose that someone has used the word "maté" in a sentence—casually, as if it were a member of his family. And suppose, which is a pretty fair supposition, that you have no idea what "maté" is, and, thirdly, that you are peculiarly sensitive about this sort of thing. As soon as he is out of sight, then, you clap on your hat, and start for the Public Library.

The desk in the centre of the catalogue-room is labelled "Information," and so you go over and lean on it till one of the men says "Yes?" without any particular hope.

"Eh—I wonder if you could tell me where I could get some information on 'maté.'"

The grave gentleman looks a little blank, but suggests looking under "M" in the card index. So you start walking around the room, find "M"—a little to your surprise, and after due search, find "maté," between "Malczynski, Stanislaus," and "The Mate of the Easter Belle."

"Maté, Yerba," it says—so he's probably a foreign diplomat or scientist. There are several cards about him, for all of which you make out call clips which, on presentation to the boy at the desk, prove to have been made out all wrong. (Though as heaven is your witness, you have put down every strange sign and symbol there was room for.) Still you go back and do it all over again, and are rewarded for your labors with a square of yellow cardboard bearing a call number.

WHILE waiting for your books to go through the secret processes which will eventually sort them out from all the other books, and bring them up to you, you start walking slowly around the book-lined walls of the reading-room.

First there are the directories of principal cities of the world. Suddenly you see one of St. Paul, Minnesota, and look up Aunt Edna. Yes, there she is. It gives one rather an odd feeling to see her name like this—almost as though you had run across her hiding under one of the big tables of the reading-room.

From there you progress to law books. Wondering what they look like inside, you gingerly take one out. It turns out to be a record of cases. Your own surname, upon investigation,

Hackercraft
for BRILLIANT SPEEDS AND LUXURIOUS WATER TRAVEL

RIDE in them all!—But note the outstanding advantages of buoyant grace—the stirring beauty of hull contours—the exhilarating speeds—the perfectly timed maneuvering qualities—the supreme staunchness which John Hacker, N.A., has designed and built into the new 1929 series of Hackercraft. Smart design, new pace-setting speeds, tireless performance invite you to the full enjoyment of ownership. Don't miss the chance to make your own comparison. Write for the story of Hackercraft racing records and the story of Hackercraft custom quality. Four models—$3150 to $5750. Demonstrations by appointment.

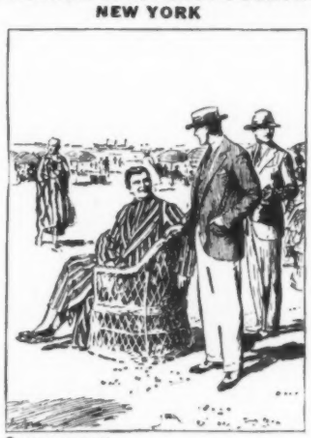
*On Display 5th Avenue & 15th Street, New York City*

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
545 River Drive, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

AMERICA'S FINEST RUNABOUTS

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Clothes for Midsummer
*Send for our* NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

JOHN DAVID
*Fashions For Men*
STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES KNOX HATS MEN'S FURNISHINGS MALLORY HATS

**Huddersfield Flannels**
*Summer-Weight And Silk-Trimmed*
**$35.50**

Don't let the heat "get" you! Look your accustomed well-dressed self. Wear a suit of genuine English Huddersfield Flannel. Navy Blue; Seal Brown; Oxford Gray; Cambridge Gray or with Hairline or Chalkline Stripes.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE
COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St. 1268 Broadway 338 Madison Avenue 125-27 W. 42nd St. Broadway At Warren
Fifth Avenue At 43rd St. Exchange Place At New 62 Broadway, Below Wall Nassau At Maiden Lane Cortlandt St. At Church
*Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn*
Court Street At Remsen Fulton Street At Smith

proves to have been variously involved in trials for slander, failure to meet financial obligations, and one about "When is an oral agreement binding?"

After about a hundred feet of law books, your eye lights on a book of Latin phrases, but after looking up "de facto," "corpus delicti," and "prima facie," you rack your memory in vain for any more of them, although this is obviously your big chance to improve yourself.

THE next stop is in front of a shelf of poetry, but happening to glance at the card with your call number on it, you notice that it says that all even numbers are in the South Hall. Yours is 38—and all the numbers on the board are odd, so this is probably the North Hall.

Sure enough, the books are all waiting for you in the South Hall—and one and all, they are in Spanish, and without any illustrations!

You head blindly for the open air, turn right instead of left, and find yourself unexpectedly among the encyclopedias, gazing, as if by an act of Fate, at a volume marked "M—Mersc," which practically opens itself to "maté," which turns out to be a species of undergrowth, used extensively as a tea substitute in South America. —POLY

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## THE JACKETEER

When thinking of the jacketeer
I'm often crowding back a tear
Of pity for the briefness of the life his fiction leads.
A novel seems vacuity
Beside his ingenuity
For often what his jacket boasts, the story sadly needs.
But though he's worked on salary,
Unknown to pit and gallery,
He's held the highest standards up before him night and day:
In spite of what the volume meant,
He's earned his due emolument
By writing lyric rhapsodies on what it *ought* to say. —JEROME BARRY

•

A MAN, HIS WIFE, AND 3 BLESSINGS require a home—a place where well-bred American children are preferred to puppy dogs and parrots. It may be a single house or a heated apartment, but there must be six rooms and the rental should be moderate.—*Adv. in the Hartford Times.*

Are the blessings in disguise?

HOTEL
DELMONICO
PARK AVENUE
at 59th

EVERY facility for effortless hospitality will be found in the Delmonico, New York's newest and smartest hotel, leasing from October first with occupancy in August.

Reservations are now being taken for weddings, debutante parties, etc. in the Grand Ball Room. Telephone Volunteer 3913.

JOHN F. SANDERSON
General Manager

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc. *Renting Agent*
15 East 49th Street . Plaza 9200

The Best of All

We endorse several methods of permanent waving—FRIGIDINE, EUGENE, RINGLETTE, etc.

Together, the best features of all these methods would be no better than the individual operator actually doing the permanent, *because* a beautiful permanent wave has ever been the result of the hairdresser's natural ability, training and experience.

PERMANENT WAVING $15.00

Cluzelle
45 W. 57th St., N.Y.
Telephone Plaza 4135

# ON THE AIR

*Pampering the Pioneers and Educating the Public*

STATION WABC literally went up in the air last week and enlivened this dull period of the radio season by a half-hour experimental program. The trick was this: two announcers in airplanes, flying above New York, took over the control of the Columbia network (which is coast-to-coast and don't you forget it) and introduced speeches from Washington and Philadelphia, and music from the Paramount Hotel no farther away than West Forty-sixth Street.

The purpose of the stunt was to prove that aviators need no longer be beyond the reach of the baseball scores and the Goldman Band Concerts; and now not only can fliers be in touch with cultural influences, but they may also broadcast their indorsements even before they are welcomed to the city.

Broadcasts from airplanes aren't new, but this is the first time the key-point of a broadcast has been lifted from the studio into the air. The transitions were smooth and Louis A. Witten's aerial roll-call of the various points of broadcast was beautifully casual. His associate, Herbert Glover, flying in a companion plane, had more trouble making himself heard. The conversations from plane to plane between the two announcers were noisy—but no noisier than a confidential chat in Sixth Avenue.

WE advise you to watch the programs of WABC carefully because, no later than September, it will be one of the most important local stations. At present it is dividing the features of the Columbia network with WOR of Newark, but when WABC moves into its new studio in Fifth Avenue it will become the key-station. Even now its programs are looking up, and it is luring announcers and musicians from its rivals. David Mendoza has quit the Capitol Family to be musical director for Columbia.

THE more important stations are trying to solve the problem of commercial plugging. It is a ticklish subject. Some of the best features on the air are advertising programs, and


# How would you like to own Johnny Farrell's Set of Irons? • • • • • •

**WHEN Johnny Farrell won the U.S. Open Championship, it wasn't particularly important to know whose name was stamped on the back of *his* clubs, since after all Johnny had taken particular care in getting together a set of clubs which would give him the confidence at that critical moment in championship play which made the difference between being the champion or just—an also-ran.**

**How we envy the Pro his bag of beauties, and how easily we forget the many years of searching, testing, designing and playing before the Pro has gotten together his ideal set. • • •**

**This has now been made simple. In the Johnny Farrell Matched Irons, Wilson-Western has produced for you a set of matched clubs which are modified reproductions of the Champion's wonderful irons, ideally suited to help and improve every man's game. • •**

**Maybe you have some old favorites that you just hate to discard. Maybe you have a putter that seems a life-long friend. But give this test the once-over. Hold the clubs in your hand. Test them for weight. Swing them for balance, and perhaps you will be glad to join that increasing number of golfers who are finding that ownership of this marvelous set guarantees an immediate improvement in all departments of their iron play.**

**Wilson**
**GOLF EQUIPMENT**

*Ask Pro or dealer for one or both of Johnny Farrell's books . . . FREE.*

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you open the soft-cooked egg

that has just been served you for break-

fast and you hear a faint "cheep-cheep"

. . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

MARINE ROOF
HOTEL BOSSERT

*FROM* the city's cares aloof,
High up on the Bossert Roof,
Sail with us while ship bells tinkle,
Distant lights divinely twinkle.

Gaze, with hosts of gay companions,
On Manhattan's man-made canyons.
There is Jersey . . . There is Staten . . .
There's the mighty mass—Manhattan!

Music . . . Starlight . . . Gay Romancing . . .
Cooling Breezes . . . Dining . . . Dancing!

★ *Now Open* ★

Montague,
Hicks and Remsen Sts.
Brooklyn Heights

Dinner and Dancing
Nightly *(except Sunday)*
Dinner Concert Sundays

not only do they help pay for the velvet hangings of the elegant studios, but they are legitimate and popular entertainment. However, the smaller stations and a few of the less discreet advertisers on some of the larger networks have pestered the public beyond endurance with blatant and tasteless ballyhoos. Unless the advertising is reduced to a mere mention of the sponsors of the program, or made interesting in itself, both the advertiser and the station are liable to feel a reaction, for the public is notoriously touchy about its free entertainment. Some of the sponsors are gracefully sidestepping the problem by putting news into their programs. Miss Clarenore Stinnes, for instance, stops in New York on her trip around the world. Naturally, Miss Stinnes speaks over the radio; and then the announcer follows up with a little information to the effect that Miss Stinnes would undoubtedly still be stranded in the Chinese desert if she hadn't used a certain variety of motor oil.

None of your really tony guest artists on the commercial programs is obliged to come out flatfootedly with an indorsement. The Edison program, for instance, specializes in giving you the favorite music of well-known persons. You hear a good orchestra; you also get the fine glow of knowing that the selections you are listening to also constitute Mr. John Barrymore's idea of a musical evening. Movie directors and popular illustrators speak on beau-

• •

ty. Surely you can't begrudge the casual mention of a soap that will help you get that way.

All this is a great improvement on the clumsy salesmanship that was making broadcasting grotesque; as, for instance, the announcer who was obliged to say, "You have just heard the overture of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' If you want to make your wife merry, drop in at the sale of washing machines at Glubke's big Jersey City bargain store."

THOSE radio theme songs that introduce the various hours are known in the studios as musical signatures. The radio hit on the theme-song idea when the talkies were only a squeak. Fifty years from now you'll probably be hearing "Socks, Socks, We're the Interwoven Pair" on concert programs of folk music.

Most of the signatures are original compositions and a large number of them were written by Keith McLeod, musical supervisor of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. McLeod is the author of "Slumber On," which introduces the Slumber Hour on WJZ. It has been published, as have Rosario Bourdon's "Cities Service March" and Harold Sanford's "Memories."

The General Electric Hour has the most impressive signature. It opens its hour with a few bars from the andante movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. This was Walter Damrosch's choice, but it is used even in his summer absence. Atwater Kent ends its hour with the hymn, "Now the Day is Over." It is the only religious signature. The value of a distinctive signature is, of course, to identify the hour without any help from the announcer. —A. S.

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BEAUTIFUL HATS FOR LADIES AND GIRLS —HALF PRICE. AT H. B. WOODFORD'S, No. 1c, Light Street, Penang. Gramaphone Records—English and Malay 50 cents each. One Katsmer Auto-piano with 40 Playe Rolls—perfect condition, only $875. Pulmo-Baily cures diseases of the chest Bronchial Tubes Lungs. Pansulole cures Diabetes. All cures guaranteed. Porcelain Wreaths. Marble Memorials and Coffins to order. Houses to let Tanjong Bungah. Pommade Zylor cures Eczema, Varicose Veins, etc. Pretty Brass Bedsteads 5 x 6-6 2 inch pillars $200 only. Windows to let with Lights Up to 12 p. m.—*Adv. in Film News, Penang.*

And, as has heretofore been stated, beautiful hats for ladies.

JEAN STUART COSMETICS

Vivacity—Freshness—Charm. These are the components of Highland beauty. The perfection of the Scottish complexion, exquisite alike in texture and coloring—acclaimed the world over—is achieved by a simple cosmetic compound—Scot Mele.

Jean Stuart, of the House of Stuart, has modernized the application and preparation of Scot Mele by its proper inclusion in her famous cosmetics. The wholesome clearness and beauty of the Jean Stuart line which provides effective cosmetic reagents for all skin conditions are triumphs of the beauty specialist's art.

• • •

The Jean Stuart preparations are on Sale in

FRANKLIN SIMON LORD & TAYLOR
JAMES McCREERY OPPENHEIM COLLINS

and other smart shops

JEAN STUART COSMETICS, INC.
535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Hors Concours

NEW MODELS

*The latest printed chiffon for afternoon and evening wear*

*Sport Dresses*

*Ensembles*

*Tennis Dresses*

Weekly Shipment from
Our Paris House

KARGÈRE

636 Fifth Avenue, New York
39 Ave. des Champs Elysées, Paris

## "HE ALSO SERVES~"

THERE are few avocations yielding the rich returns of subpoena-serving. Here's a sideline combining the best features of stagecraft, contract bridge, snipe-shooting, and Prisoner's Base. I shall never forget the thrill of my first assignment.

"We're counting on you, lad," said the old marshal huskily. He laid a gnarled hand on my shoulder. "Counting on you to carry the message to—what's that name again?"

"Slabchellowitz," I said, reading the summons.

"Slabchellowitz it is, lad. He owes people he's never even heard of. Plaster it on him!"

I trotted forth, head up.

MR. SLABCHELLOWITZ had his being on the top floor of an eight-story walk-up. As I panted warily against his door, the marshal's advice rang in my ears. "This guy is smart, see? Fox him."

Ten minutes' knocking finally elicited a crusty grunt from overhead. A troglodyte face was dimly apparent in the open transom. "Who the hell are you?"

"Sa-ay," I chuckled, keeping my hatbrim foxily pulled down, "don't pull this nonshaylunt stuff on *me!* Open up, you old umbrella!"

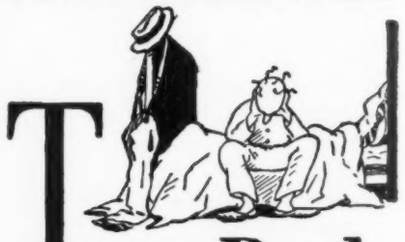
"Is that old Bill Stedberg?" he grinned at last.

"You called it," I bantered.

"Try this," he said suddenly, "you cheap so-and-so!" A pail of dirty water cascaded out, drenching my new subpoena-serving suit to the last cotton thread. The transom clicked shut, muffling raucous guffaws.

A FAVORITE dodge of veteran subpoena-servers is the resort to different disguises. These open up fascinating possibilities for one possessing even moderate dramatic gifts. You may, for instance, take off well-known screen stars, state senators, or old-fashioned ottomans. Personally, I have had most success with a Western Union messenger suit. "Telegram for Mr. Wilson," in a quavering voice, is certainly hard to resist, even for gun-shy old tuskers. The thrill which comes when you thrust the subpoena into the trembling hand of an anxious old man—ah, that *is* a moment! Not until you have been recalled from the land of make-believe by a stunning blow from a crutch do you learn to de-

**The Bright Red Answer**



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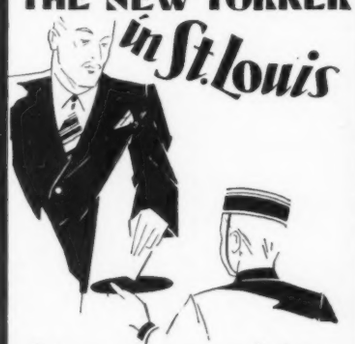

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part the instant service has been rendered.

Another wrinkle that I have worked up rather neatly is the "Auld Lang Syne" approach. This prepares the ground, tends to allay suspicion, and often renders a difficult entrance surprisingly easy. You have designs, let us say, on a Mr. Ben Weevil. You call him up.

"Hello. Ben Weevil? This is Ed —how are you, anyway?" (You could, of course, say "This is Sylvester," or "This is Jules," just as easily, but it would increase the hazard. Every man knows at least one man named "Ed," and generally seven or eight.)

Mr. Weevil, nine times out of ten, will fall into the trap and will invite you, however uncertainly, to step over for a little visit. There are few more amusing sights than that afforded by Weevil when he opens the door and finds himself shaking hands with a piece of paper while you back off, convulsed with laughter.

ONE of the most effective bits of "business" (as you come to term it) was originated by a quaint old German named Philippe Zach. Craftily turning one of the most common human weaknesses to account, Herr Zach would telephone his quarry, the conversation running something like this:

"Hello. Iss dis Herr Hemoglobin?"

"It might be," suspiciously. "Who wants to know?"

"Der gas company. On dot last bill—"

"I paid it."

"Chust a minute, Herr Hemoglobin. I haff checked up, und dot stupid inspector has charged you mit two dollars und a haff too much. I come around mit a refund some time when you iss in."

"Oh, that's different. Can't you step over now?"

Through this artifice, so simple on the face of it, Zach set up a record which is still the envy of his guild. He might still be alive had he not unwittingly tried it on an official of a gas company, who of course recognized the utter absurdity of any such business emanating from a gas company.

—STANLEY JONES

•

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# THE AR

*Painters Should Be Profes*

WE have always wanted to write Mr. Simon Guggenheim a letter. Now that he has opened the subject by sending us an announcement of his most recent philanthropy—the exchange fellowships between this country and Latin America—we feel the time is opportune. Mr. Guggenheim undoubtedly has the best intentions, and accomplishes less, when it comes to art, than any other man living. We doubt if there ever was an organization so prodigal of its wealth when it comes to furthering the struggles of the worthy. By some unlucky star art seems to have been born under, at least in this land, it comes in for a poor deal under the Guggenheim plan. Literature, science of all sorts and sizes, education—all get a fine break. Worthy professors patch up their trousers and brush off the blue suit again, and sail away every summer for a year of happiness amid the French cafés where life is never anything but A-plus. But the painters, lo, and the sculptors: the award as a rule goes to the least worthy.

We once tried to chisel our way into the Foundation to tell them how to run the thing, but with ill-success. We still have hopes that, through a clipping bureau or a carrier pigeon, we may reach Mr. Guggenheim's sympathetic ear. He could still be the greatest man in the world of art, but it would take a little thought, a lot of consideration, and some experimentation. Some day we will write him how he can do it. Just now, all we can say is that if we ran the Guggenheim Foundation, it never, never, as long as it lived, while the country was filled with worthy talented artists struggling to make a bare living, would award the fellowship of a year abroad to a stenographer who made cute pictures as she rode to work in the subway—and we like stenographers. We wish, if Mr. Guggenheim won't see us, that he would talk this over with the artists.

IN another ten days, Montross will close for the summer. He has assembled a likely show of the men he favors, with a few importations of his own buying. In the earlier days of

# ART GALLERIES

## *Shows for the Dusty Months*

his gallery he sponsored such radicals as Matisse, Derain, and even Van Gogh. There are examples here, one especially fine Gleizes standing out above the others in beauty. Among the Americans the honors probably belong to Walt Kuhn, who has gone in for a sort of solid landscape in the best French tradition. Then there is a Ryder, an Arthur B. Davies, and one Branchard that we liked.

THE Dudensings are hanging a group exhibition that will stay on until September. It contains all the painters whom the firm has selected from time to time, and is for anyone courageous enough to give the American boys a hand.

NEUMANN still keeps the fires burning and does not intend to let the New York summer dim his interest in our native product. His international show has been changed around and new samples added. Mr. Neumann, it will be remembered, gets a lot of fun out of his paintings and, when the public is recalcitrant about purchasing, buys a few for himself. He is now trying them out on his walls and taking an inventory of his taste. In the show are some fine specimens of bread-and-butter investments —Rodin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and the famous Delaunay cathedral. This Delaunay was owned by Neumann in Munich some sixteen years ago, and came back to him at the Quinn sale. The New Art Circle will afford a summer haven for those interested in the untrammelled Americans—Sheeler, Tofel, Becker, Blumberg, Levinson, Hondius, and others.

HERE AND THERE: Durand-Ruel also change their summer show from time to time, replenishing the walls from their inexhaustible stock upstairs. There are some fine Degas drawings in the new group, a good many Boudins, Renoirs, and a quiet Gauguin landscape. . . . The Brooklyn Museum has put on an international exhibition, the only names that strike our responses being Bessie Lasky and Isabel Whitney, neither particularly what one would call international. . . . The National Association of Women Painters has gathered a show from over the country, at 17 East Sixty-second Street. —M. P.

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## TWO BY THE WINDOW

MY Gawd, they're coming back here. Two more. They couldn't sit up front. They've got to come back here where it's crowded. Let's go back where all those other people are. Let's go back where the waiter's good and busy, so we can kick because he's slow. Let's make things as nasty for him as we can. Let's make him wish to Gawd he'd died young.

*Good evening, sir. Would you like to sit here by the window?* Or would you prefer an electric chair? No sir, we don't have any regular chairs tonight, but we have some nice electric ones. Just your size, too. Built specially for people with weak heads. That's right. Sit right down, and make yourself comfortable.

*Now what would you like this evening, sir? Some soup? Very good, sir. And the lady?* "The lady"—that's a joke. "The witch" 'd be more like it. That was no lady, that was a witch. Good evening, waiter, have you got anything good for witches this evening? No sir, we don't cater to witches here. No witches allowed in this restaurant. Witches served only at the back door.

*HERE you are, sir. One soup and one consommé. And your next order? Beef for the lady? Yes, sir. And fish.* So you want some fish, do you, you cannibal? Do you have any fish this evening, waiter? Yes sir, we have one and he looks a good bit like you, only smarter. Well, I'll take one. Do you want him for a pet, or do you mean a fish to eat? To eat? Oh no, sir, we don't have any eating fish. Those fish on ice in the window are all pets. Yes, they belong to the chef. Remember that big blue one with his mouth open? Well, his name's Merle, and you should see him do tricks. Uh-huh. Very smart fish. They like it there in the

• •

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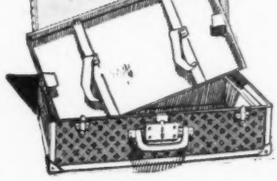

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window. Keeps 'em from getting homesick. That's what I shoulda told him. And then busted him one, and walked out. This job ain't so hot anyway. Long hours. Low pay. Dumb customers.

*Ready for dessert, sir? One spumoni, one tortoni, and demi-tasse. Very good, sir. Yes sir, I'll bring it right away.* Have to get to the theatre, do you? They must be giving away tickets. I don't know how you'll get in if they're not. You won't understand it anyway. Unless it's about animals. Unless it's about guys like you. What'd he say then, Daisy? What'd he do that for? She ain't really dead, is she? What's that mean? Jeez, I don't unnerstan' this show at all. *I beg your pardon, sir? No sir, you pay the cashier at the door.* You pay the cashier and then jump in front of a taxi. Oh, don't bother about a tip. We don't accept tips here. We're all rich. We just work here for the fun of it. . . . Gawd, fifteen cents.

—REED JOHNSTON

•

## A SONG FOR WIVES

The old wives sit by the fire and nod
While their men come loudly rapping;
The young wives shiver behind their doors
And blush at a false wind tapping.

The old wives close their blinds to the moon
And undress by a blown-out candle;
The young wives' lamps burn bright as their hair
On a fallen gown or sandal.

The old wives' tongues, like birds set free,
Fly over their knitting and rocking;
The young wives open their lazy lips
Only to lovers' knocking.

The young wives fly as fast as they can
From the old wives' harping and hissing;
But the old wives wait, for they know how long
Mouths are stopt by kissing.

—KATHLEEN COTTER GROSS

•

When American hustlers and Russian Bolsheviks, sitting together on the deck of a Volga riverboat with their feet on the rail, torture the mild summer night with the strains of the "Boat Song," we may consider one era of madness past.—*The Nation.*

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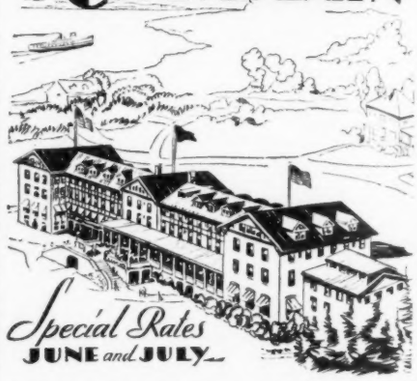


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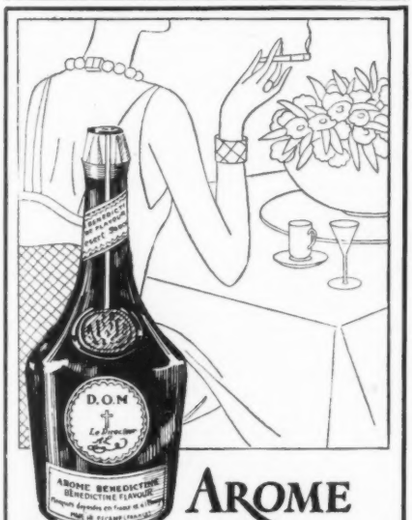


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however, by driving up Seventh Avenue to the 149th Street Bridge, turning left on Sedgwick Avenue, up the east bank of the Harlem River to Jerome, then straight out Jerome, which leads into Central Avenue. One can also cut across 233rd Street at the end of Jerome to the Bronx River Parkway. At the entrance to this there is some construction, but nothing very troublesome.

Another wise move is to turn right from Sedgwick Avenue along Fordham Road, keeping on as far as the Boston Post Road, then turning left on the Post Road at the entrance to the Hutchinson River Parkway. This gracious highway leads almost anywhere in Westchester and connects nicely with Greenwich.

The Long Island problem is more acute. One solution is to go over the Manhattan Bridge and out Flatbush Avenue to Fulton Street. At the juncture of Fulton Street and Jamaica Avenue, cut over two blocks to Liberty Avenue. This will take you to the Sunrise Highway, where there are plenty of cross-boulevards in any direction you wish to go. All of which sounds complex and painful, but we regard it as a surcease from the horrors of the Queensboro Bridge and Queens Boulevard. The Sunrise Highway will repay you for any tribulations encountered in Brooklyn.

SUMMER, which always brings out new motor cars, has given us Buick's junior product, the Marquette. Buick has resisted the temptation of experiments and radical lines, so the Marquette presents a conservative appearance, but with sufficient up-to-date touches to make it conspicuously a new car. Our first demand in a modern motor is the ability to pick-up on an upgrade. We drove this one up Fort Lee Hill, and discovered that with a start of ten miles an hour in high, its acceleration was creditable in spite of slowing down for the line of traffic; its getaway in traffic is also satisfactory. The engine is of the L-head type and has six cylinders.

Demands for tilted windshields to avert glare are justified in the example fitted on this car. The top of the glass

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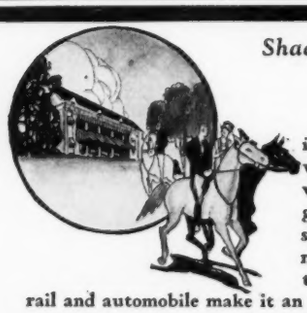

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is recessed nearly two inches back of the base, and the front of the windshield-posts are concave to emphasize the tilted effect. People who urge that a new car should have a definite hallmark of modernity will find their craving satisfied in the radiator, which is extra wide, has a herringbone surface, and is bisected by a vertical line. The body has been built for all-round use, striking an average between knockabout and formality. The upholstery is mohair impregnated with rubber, durable and presentable, though less luxurious than the type found in town cars. The hardware of nickel finish and the other fittings are much like those in any standard sedan. Its roominess is rather exceptional at the price —about $1,200 in New York; its length is within two inches of that of smaller Buicks. In the sedans the rear seats are nearly four feet wide, and for those who wish more, or less, leg-room than normal, the front seats may be moved backward or forward and the steering-wheel tilt arranged to suit individual preferences.

The rear view is especially pleasing. The molding across the back is slightly arched to add to the curved effect; the rear bumpers are fitted at the inside ends to conform with the circle of the spare tire; and the gasoline tank is ribbed and enamelled.

AUBURN's new front-wheel-drive car, referred to in an earlier issue, is now on the market. Another car worthy of mention is the Ruxton, made by New Era Motors, Inc. —the underslung affair which you may have seen around the streets during the past few months. Several men connected with other motor companies are joining in the manufacture of this machine, which is distinctly a sport car; priced around $4,200. There are various novel features, such as hinged rear windows and no running-board; and the gasoline tank is concealed underneath. The engine has eight cylinders.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

SUMMER rest at farm in N. J., one hour's ride from Philadelphia. Board and intelligent care for a Protestant, elderly couple, nervous, deaf, convalescent, feeble-minded, semi-invalid, blind lady, a mother and daughter, 2 sisters, man, wife, baby, a mother with baby 2 weeks old to 1 year, to use goat milk; best doctor's ref; price $10 week.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Rest for whom, the goat?

## PAMPHLET ON SEX WAR

SINCE the recent interest in brochures of this kind I have been urged to publish this little paper, which I wrote for my little goddaughter, who starts to kindergarten next fall. It is made up of the sort of information which I often think would be so much safer and pleasanter to have put into one's hands in the beginning, instead of having to learn for oneself—tediously, anyway, and sometimes expensively.

In the first place, as I said to my goddaughter, the most important thing to learn is to be modest—and no little girl can be too careful in this—about her sense of humor. One of the greatest dangers is an ill-controlled giggle or snicker, or even humorous remark, and girls sometimes lose a great deal that way—not only pleasant attention which passes time and wards off the inferiority complex, but other things such as gardenias, vanity cases, etc.

Many a girl has had to discover facts for herself, sometimes perilously; for instance, that it is best never to ask men questions, except in the abstract. Men, children, and aboriginal tribes dislike the idea of being watched. If a man wants to tell you his personal history, nothing will stop him, anyhow, short of an axe, club, etc.

There is another mistake so generally made that it seems worth while to speak of it. Many girls on first coming out into the world hear the platitude that men like and are influenced by flattery, and, realizing that some specific gentleman is clever, or even brilliant, they feel that he would see through their flattering. This is a mistake.

Of course, if, for example, one is dancing with a clever gentleman who

• •

# There's MAGIC *in a* TERRACE

**Look out over your terrace—see New York far below you, a bright sky overhead and feel the cool, clean, fresh breezes. A terrace works magic on an apartment in New York. And almost every apartment above the 13th floor of 730 Park Avenue has a terrace, a loggia, or a conservatory. From 7 to 16 rooms, these apartments have beautiful proportions and tall ceilings—and original layouts. Occupancy in September. You will want to see the agent on the premises today.**

# PARK 730 AVE.

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VISIBLE EYELETS

*Sterling Marks of Excellence*

IT IS the little details that make a perfect shoe. Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets are visible evidence of inherent quality in every shoemaking detail.

*Recognized by the two slightly raised diamonds*

GOODYEAR WELT shoes are the only shoes on which new soles can be easily and practically sewn without injury to the shape of the upper. If you can feel any tacks or seams inside a shoe, it is *not* a Goodyear Welt, for the innersole of a Goodyear Welt is absolutely smooth.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

hums, or grunts, the melody in a tuneless voice off key, it is better not to say "What a wonderful voice!" It is better to say discriminatingly, "You have some lovely notes in your voice," or "Do you know—you have a great deal of *overtone*."

It is a widespread belief that intelligent interest in a man's Work is a good plan. Personally, I should say that anything to be gained by listening to the elucidation of bond-selling, banking, wholesale economics, etc., is simply not worth the price the woman pays.

SOME women really are, apparently, the maternal type, now often called New, who do not object to listening, to walking in the rain because a man cannot find a taxi, lighting their own cigarettes, opening and closing doors, etc.—or, in short, being a Good Little Sport. A girl who realizes that this is not what she wants in Life should simply never start letting that sort of thing happen.

To chill completely a man who seems to require chastening there is nothing better than to wait until he is telling some story about himself or his opinions (it is never necessary to wait long), and be caught by him suppressing a smile. When he says suspiciously, "What are you laughing at?" one replies in the kindest voice: "Nothing. I wasn't laughing," etc., etc. This, two or three times in succession, will temporarily break any man's spirit.

Most of these questions are, naturally, of no age, but there are certain distinctly modern aspects without which a pamphlet of this kind would be failing in its duty if it did not utter a word of warning. I refer to the increasing loose conversation indulged in in mixed companies regarding equality of the sexes, freedom, etc. No girl should discuss Equality with even a trusted member of the opposite sex. History shows all too plainly that in every era which has been marked by the indiscriminate spread of this kind of talk, men have (at first reluctantly and then, as the idea dawned, with enthusiasm) taken it up. Soon follow equal work for equal pay, equal responsibility; what is called give and take—and what really could be more horrible to contemplate? —DEARING WARD

•

20-YEAR-OLD MERMAID ETHEL HEDIN COMING HERE WITH YOUNG—*Headline in the London (Ont.) Free Press.*

They must have them, come to think of it.

**SECRETS?** Any woman would be glad to tell her best friend about the practical permanent chez Emile.

EMILE
OF THE BARBIZON
LEXINGTON AT 63rd ST. NEW YORK

It is so soft and natural that it requires no tedious "setting"—a push and a pat and it's dressed for the day.

**REGENT 8245**

**Off to Camp!**

PLAYLAND boxes of rainy day games, puzzles, flashlights, and goodies will make the equipment complete—There are any number of wonderful ideas for the camper at

PLAYLAND
686 Madison Ave.
(at 62 Street)
New York
*Tel.* REGent 1619

P. S. PLAYLAND takes care of weekly orders for the camper all summer long.

"WAVERLY MANOR"
Fine Old Virginia Colonial Estate
FOR SALE
R. B. CHAFFIN & Co. Inc., Richmond, Va.

# Why there are two

***Odorono Regular Strength***

**The ruby colored Odorono is for the average skin. It brings absolute freedom from moisture and odor with only two applications a week.**

**Apply at night before retiring. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry before putting on night garments.**

# Liquid Odoronos

**Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensitive skin and frequent use. Apply daily or every other day.**

**Pat on freely at night or morning after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry.**

**You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you.**

**Odorono, used regularly, assures continuous protection.**


# THE RACE TRACK

*Horses for Courses—*
*"No Go"—Aqueduct—*
*A Letter from Epsom*

ONE of our favorite turf axioms is "horses for courses." Short-striding animals do run better on the merry-go-round mile tracks, with their sharp turns; and long-striding (or more stout-hearted) ones are at an advantage on courses with sweeping turns or a long stretch run. That is why we saw Light Carbine swoop down on Byrd and Begorra in the stretch at Aqueduct and win the Brooklyn Handicap. The six-year-old son of Galloper Light always has been pounds better at Aqueduct. Two years ago he beat Chance Play in the Queens County Handicap, though last year he did not win a race on the Jockey Club tracks and had scant success in cheaper company at Tia Juana. However, earlier last week he won a handicap from Sepoy and Sun Beau which wound him up to concert pitch. His race in the Brooklyn was not a compliment to the handicapper, for at 97 pounds he carried two pounds overweight. I'm told someone stole Mr. Vosburgh's binocular after the Suburban—they must have thought he saw too much. Light Carbine ran a plucky race and in the last furlong pegged back the Dixie Handicap winner, Diavolo, and the crowd cheered as race crowds always cheer the Brooklyn Handicap. It was a disappointing afternoon for Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who saw her Wheatley Stable colors second twice, on Diavolo in the Brooklyn and on Erin in the Hudson Stakes, behind Harry Sinclair's Grattan. But Flag Day won.

THE three-card-monte men say that the hand is quicker than the eye. I wonder how many of us saw exactly what happened in the steeplechase on Brooklyn Handicap day, how many ran out, and if all took the required number of fences. Frankly, I don't know. Four of the five runners were pulled up in the first half mile because one boy insisted the start was "no go" after the starter had decided it was. The other riders obeyed

*Lulu bowled 'em over every time! Even the "Polo Boys" threw down their mallets when she rolled those eyes, those nose—those mouth!*

*But 'ere the setting of the sun—*

*Sad faced men treaded their ways across the arena, whistling an odd refrain—"Don't bring Lulu!" And she who had once dazzled 'em, stood alone pondering on the absurdity of depending on a temporary deodorant!*

*MORAL: Fine feathers make fine birds. The* continuous protection *of Odorono keeps them that way. Odorono 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00.*

*Send 10¢—even if you have to steal it from little Archibald's bank. This smallest coin of the realm will buy your membership in the "Personally Irreproachable Club"—and who does not want to be P. I.?*

***NEW 10¢ OFFER:*** **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild, and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)**

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. N-6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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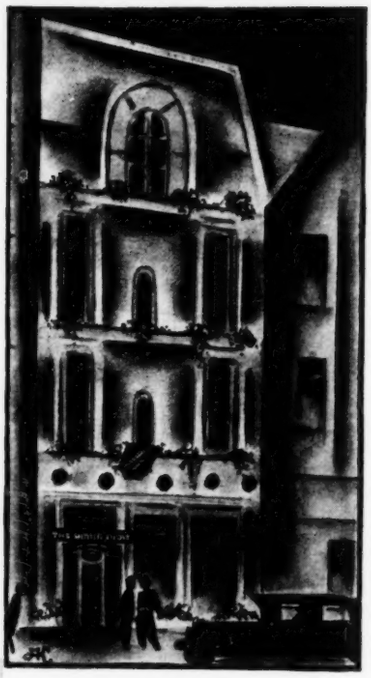
# ENTRE—L'OPERA!



The House of Flowers graciously gives way to the House of Music... On this old site will stand the new home of the Metropolitan Opera... and so on and after July first we serve you at number 4 West 56th Street ...at Fifth Avenue... Circle 8120.

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS
Formerly with
Thorley INC.
UNTIL JULY 1st . . . . . 612 Fifth Avenue
THEREAFTER . . . 4 West 56th St. at Fifth Avenue
Circle 8120 Also 55 Broadway

Miss BETTY PAGE PERIN of Greenwich, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE WINNER
March, 1929
Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Miss Perin Writes:

Marlboro — a Cigarette for Those who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best.

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK


the yells, with the result that there were horses all over the place, ducking in and out of jumps until nobody knew what it was all about. Those who backed him, and they were following him more closely than I, were certain that Joe Davis' Endicott, who was placed first, took an extra fence. When he and the others decided to go on again, he was brought back into the course nearly a quarter of a mile from the point where he ran out.

AQUEDUCT has its charms these hot days, for there sometimes is a cool breeze off the bay, but nevertheless there is a great deal the management could do for its patrons, and without spending much money for improvements. I think the jockey board could be kept up until the horses have gone to the post, and then lowered until the race is over. When up, it shuts off the view of the starts. It also might not be amiss to designate on the program which races are to be started from the stall gates. The greatest annoyance comes, however, when one leaves the track afterwards. Those who go back to town by train have to crowd their way through a jostling swarm of cash bookmakers paying off their clients, for these gentry plant themselves as near the exit as possible. The dear old Long Island Railroad does not help matters, for while the attendance has been, if anything, larger than in other years, the number of return trains has been reduced and the result is a free-for-all scramble and 4–1 against getting a seat—which is no way to wind up a bad day. Never give a sucker an even break.

MY playmate Show Parlay writes from England:

"I have at last successfully undergone the major operation of getting a Derby off my chest and out of my system without the services of a surgical Houdini. When on Derby Day I was awakened with the gleeful shout, 'This is the finest morning we have had in weeks. Aren't you lucky!,' I at once became enshrouded in gloom. Hadn't I heard of the gift-bearing Greeks? I was proved right. A fine drizzle set in just before the first race and continued in ever-increasing drops as the day wore on.

"The sight of Epsom, so familiar to you, was a revelation to me—that tremendous plain, with its mile and a half of track shaped like a gigantic horseshoe; that enormous infield, cupped for the greater part, the hollow filled

with bookies' stands and a mass of humanity that didn't allow anyone, except those lucky enough to be jammed against the rail, a chance of getting even so much as a glimpse of a horse. The race was well contested with a very fair start from an Australian gate, but it seemed quite evident that not one of the jockeys broke his mount off in our hair-trigger fashion, which to my mind might win the race then and there, even over such a distance of ground, by avoiding the otherwise unavoidable crowding in so large a field. After being spectacular up to the three-sixteenths pole—four or five horses ran practically abreast with none under real pressure—the race suddenly seemed flat. The unknown Trigo, a plain horse, on the small side, stretched himself and won handily. Walter Gay and Brienz each placed easily and helped to make the finish even flatter. Owing to the failure of the favorites to make any real showing there was little demonstration.

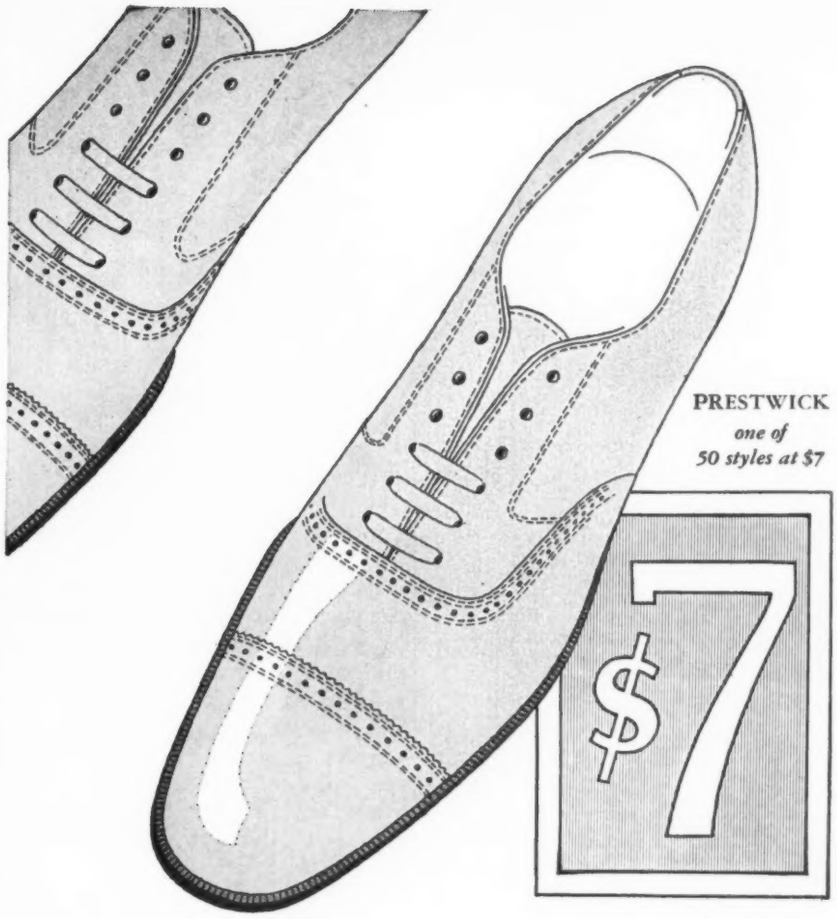
"Among the many distinguished visitors, I noted Lord Hoozis, brother of the Honourable George, and from a notebook he conveniently dropped in my pocket I gleaned the following: The largest crowd in the history of the Derby. . . . A free ride for all jockeys from the dressing-room to the paddock, a quarter of a mile off. . . . Admission to the paddock a pound extra for visitors. . . . The bookies shout their odds in impossible English—odds that would put even the bookies at hunt meetings to shame. . . . Old boys and young boys, all in top hats, black and gray, and sporting umbrellas. . . . The Derby candidates, equally scornful of the elements, prancing about the paddock in their little sheets reaching no further than from saddle girths to crupper. . . . Bert Michell, Reigh Count's trainer, telling me that the horse is very well and will have an English jockey in the saddle for the Coronation Cup. . . . More rain, crowds, orderly confusion. . . . The retreat from the Derby, on foot, push-bike, horseback, motor, bus, tram . . ."

"OH, quite," says the Honourable George. "Over there they watch the horses warm up in the paddock—over here they wait to see them warm up in the betting."—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOOVER PRAISES LORD AS GENERAL RETIRES—*Headline in the Times.*

Yes, if we get a few generals out of the way . . .


It is priced *à la* 1929

Shoe men have known for years how to build a $7 shoe. . . . But we have found how to make a $9 shoe and sell it for $7. That calls for a big organization like ours, with large volume and more modern methods. . . . Why should a shoe cost you as much today as it did 10 years ago?

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

555 5th Avenue, New York City
North of 45th Street
Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

"win place and show

pick any of our entries in the broadway entertainment derby" said the clever cinema customer . . . "and they'll bring you home a winner . . . not a handful of horse feathers."

at the rivoli—united artists

as powerful as bancroft's punch is "thunderbolt" with george himself . . . paramount's talking opera of high life in the death-house . . . mother of men, dear old gaol.

at the rialto

marx! groucho, harpo, chico and what ho in "the cocoanuts" . . . some of paramount's best groceries dished up by four laughing lads; nuts.

at the criterion

are "four feathers" from a. e. w. mason's tale . . . not the souvenir of a hasty flight . . . but evidence of paramount's long soar from hollywood to africa and africa to hollywood.

at the paramount

is "the wheel of life" . . . just one revolution after another . . . richard dix and esther ralston . . . you pays your money and you takes no choice . . . it's paramount's. paul ash leads the band while jesse crawford holds down the organ . . .

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres


# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Keeping Up the Old Public-School Spirit*

WE have no grounded bias against the gallantry of young Englishmen, but we may in time if we keep on hearing about it at great length. Certainly the few shots of baboons in "The Four Feathers," the new film at the Criterion, are more exciting than all the valorous deeds it records. The picture, a silent one, is derived from the A. E. W. Mason novel, and suggests "Beau Geste" in theme and general setting. It too opens on sumptuous English country life, with children, the heirs of ancient military families, playing soldier—a part of the movie somewhat tediously expanded. Then, again like "Beau Geste," the action moves to Africa, with the British at war in the Sudan.

The principal theme of the story, the suffering and courage of a young man who is sent four white feathers by his comrades and fiancée, under the impression that he is a coward, does not make an especially vivid narrative. Naturally, he justifies himself and proves that public-school men are valiant, and of course at the end he is decorated with honors, and his lovely fiancée, with the grandeur of laces and furbelows, bustle and sunshade, all the stately dignity of a mid-Victorian heroine, acknowledges he is worthy of her.

DURING the scenes of African perils, there occur those glimpses of baboons and fuzzy-headed savages that alone make this picture worth seeing. The talent that produced "Chang" is responsible for these superior bits, and Cooper and Schoedsack have done even more sensational work here. To rout out our English heroes the enemy tribes set fire to the jungle, and the scene of especial distinction shows baboons and hippopotamuses in flight before the flames, trying to cross a river. No such graphic and effective pictures were taken in any of the famous animal movies. A cataract of hippopotamuses pours over the bank of the river, and there is a torrent of baboons, far more human in the frantic


16

Stories of NEW Apartments

—complete housekeeping, a bath with each sleeping room, electrical refrigeration—at

245 East 21st St.

1-2-3-4 ROOMS

$800 to $2,000

Southern exposure. Now leasing for September occupancy.

Agent on premises.

SHRODER & KOPPEL, Inc.
*Builders*

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INCORPORATED
465 Lexington Avenue
Murray Hill 2066

Oversize Rooms • Decorated Kitchens • Woodburning Fireplaces • Immense Closets • Roof Terraces • Passenger & Service Elevators • Bath for Every Chamber • Refrigerating Units • Lights in Closets

mansionettes

2 • 3 • 4 • 5 Rooms
*with Dining Alcoves*
*1 • 2 • 3 Baths*

Move in *now*

Pay rent from October 1st

a favorite with Park Avenue Brides

210-215 E 73d St.

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

hysteria of flight than any of the characters in the film. The scenes of the natives are also fine, and toward the end the screen expands to give an effective panoramic view of the tribes mounted on their camels, advancing to a desert battle. All in all, the English hero loses his honors to the baboons.

"THE IDLE RICH," at the Capitol, could only have been devised to justify every joke inspired by the talkies. Never have we heard such muffled and lisping speech, never have footfalls on carpeted floors resounded with such vehemence, nor the turn of a key, the clatter of teacups crashed with such violence upon our astonished tympanums. It is intended to be a social comedy about a stenographer who marries a millionaire, and then out of pride refuses to accept his money; she even insists that he come to live in the wretched little flat of her family. The motivation would seem to belong to the realm of purest fantasy. The story proves, however, that she is gratifyingly mistaken in judgment, and after the noisy drama is ended we gather that the whole family moved to a Westchester estate in spite of its scruples.

THE Fifty-fifth Street movie alcove is honored by a German film, "At the Edge of the World," a vaguely fantastic bit about some war of the future. It quite fails to command any interest. The Fifth Avenue nookerie is showing "The Last Flight," a French picture about the late war, with a temperately Parisian plot of infidelity, some conventional flying scenes, and some reminiscent glimpses of Paris in the days of sirens and bombings.

—J. C. M.

•

LECTURES—the songlore society, 263 W. 11 St. at 8:30 every sunday evening presents daca, composer and chansonneur, in songlore lecture recitals. exit fee $1. tickets 63 washington sq.—*The Nation.*

Buy your leave, eh?

# Are White Teeth Impostors?

## *4 out of 5 say, "yes!"*

***Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.***

**NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.**

**But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.**

**Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note a distinct improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, such diseases as Pyorrhea seldom attack healthy gums.**

**If you agree that prevention is better than cure, add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York City.**

***Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.***

**New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant**

**It's the Perfect Mouthwash. *It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no tell-tale odor. Try it.***

# Forhan's
## FOR THE GUMS

**YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS**

The
PAVILLON ROYAL
"America's Foremost Suburban Restaurant"
On the Merrick Road at Valley Stream, L. I.
presents
ABE LYMAN
And His 15 Entertaining
CALIFORNIANS
Direct from their Sensational Triumphs at the Kit-Kat Club in London
Phone Reservations
VALLEY STREAM 1308 - 43 - 105 - 1775

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE GLOBE THEATRE BROADWAY and 46th ST WHERE
CARL LAEMMLE'S Dramatic Thriller
The ONE and ONLY BROADWAY
is being shown
TWICE DAILY 2.50 - 8.50
HEAR..."SING A LITTLE LOVE SONG", "HITTING THE CEILING", "BROADWAY" AND THE OTHER TUNEFUL MELODIES
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout
HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting
BROADHURST West 44 Street Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees at 2:30
3 MATINEES EVERY WEEK WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY
STREET SCENE

JOHN GOLDEN Presents FRANCINE
Larrimore
in "Let Us Be Gay"
By RACHEL CROTHERS
LITTLE, Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

MOROSCO Theatre, 45th Street W. of B'way Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
JOHN DRINKWATER'S COMEDY
BIRD IN HAND
With the Original English Cast as Presented for More Than a Year at the Royalty Theatre, London

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Mr. Goldman Returns— Some Tips for Travellers*

THERE is no need for encouraging the community to attend the band concerts of Mr. Edwin Franko Goldman, for already it is perilous to try to get within seeing distance of the bandstand on the Central Park Mall or the one on the New York University campus. There is no such thing as arriving at a fashionably late hour at either of the Goldman strongholds. If you want to hear the concert in comfort and you can't arrange to dine at an unfashionably early hour, the only procedure is to take your dinner with you; in which procedure you will not be without company.

SUBSIDIZED by the generosity of the Guggenheim family, the Goldman Band Concerts are, in a sense, philanthropic offerings and as such have been reasonably immune from intensive dissection, although there is no reason why these events should be protected by their origin from reviewers. They are not merely a form of relaxation for citizens who are unable to find diversion away from town. They constitute an interesting and canny experiment in building up an audience for music that at one time had no audience.

There is a festal air about these concerts, a Mardi-Gras atmosphere that masks a definite musical idea. It is necessary only to compare the programs of Mr. Goldman with those presented by other bandmasters to discover that he has broken away from the old-fashioned statutes governing band music. He has his cornet soli, his "excerpts," and his marches, as well as the orthodox potpourris which are staples in the conventional band menu. These traditional accoutrements are not, however, the most important elements in his programs. They are sugar plums in a diet which includes works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, and even such strange courses on a band program as Debussy. One must look back a decade on the music which Mr. Goldman used to play when he held forth on the Columbia campus, to ascertain how subtly he has won over

ROXY 50th St. & 7th Ave. Direction S. L. Rothafel (Roxy)
World's Largest Cooling Plant
JANET GAYNOR
Talks For the First Time in
4 DEVILS
with MARY DUNCAN, CHARLES MORTON, NANCY DREXEL, BARRY NORTON
William Fox Movietone Triumph
On the Stage LOU HOLTZ
Musical Comedy's Foremost Fun-Maker—
Trainor Brothers, Paul Davin, Bud and Bess Carson, Mary McCoy—also Patricia Bowman, Roxy Rogues, Ballet Corps, Famous 32 Roxyettes and Harold Van Duzee in a Stirring Prologue—Roxy Symphony Orchestra, Fox Movietone News.

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—Her.-Trib.
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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LEXINGTON NEWS
June 22, 23, 24: Mary Pickford talks in "Coquette"; June 25, 26: Emil Jannings in "Betrayal"; June 27, 28: All talking: "THE LETTER" with Jeanne Eagels; June 29 to July 1: Lon Chaney in "Where East is East".
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his public to good music. In 1918 and thereabouts, fox trots were sprinkled in as encores, although Mr. Goldman never achieved the heights of a whilom Stadium conductor who handed out "Kiss Me Again" in response to the applause for the "Meistersinger" prelude. Now there is not much parking space available on the Mall when Mr. Goldman presents a program made up largely of Bach.

FOR the time being the musical centre of the world has shifted to Germany, and particularly to Berlin, where Maestro Toscanini has been directing guest performances of La Scala Opera Company. Other conductors who have been active there are our old friends, the Herren Furtwängler, Klemperer, and Walter, as well as Erich Kleiber, whose name you might as well note because he probably will turn up on these shores before many years are past. Next week sees the end of the Covent Garden season in London, where the ubiquitous Walter has been at work in association with the Metropolitan's Maestro Bellezza and a gentleman unknown to this public, Robert Heger. Maestro Serafin may be found in Paris until the end of the month, directing the Turin Opera Company. There is also a series of concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic, directed by Clemens Krauss (remember him?) and Franz Schalk, as well as a flock of smaller celebrations in such cities as Duisburg and Bruchsal.

The traveller who starts now to hear music in Europe is a trifle late for some

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***My Sin***
the true confessions of our torrid Belle who loved not wisely, but too well. Oh!—! 4343

***I'll Always Be In Love With You***
Theme Song of the motion picture "Syncopation"—or—the Ball-and-Chain Blues—sung softly and with appropriate sadness by Miss Baker.

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of the more sensational events, but there is plenty left. The German Chamber Music Festival in Baden-Baden, the Wagner and Mozart Festival in Munich, and the Upper Rhenish Church Music Festival and Minster Plays are waiting for the itinerant. From August 4 to 30, there is the Salzburg Mozart Festival, which is not devoted exclusively to Mozart, as Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Strauss' "Rosenkavalier" are among the operas listed. The National Welsh Eisteddfod, which is easier to hear than to spell, is scheduled to start on August 5 in Liverpool.

Special note: Toscanini will conduct at Bayreuth next year, and it isn't easy to get tickets even now.

THOSE who plan to see America this summer will find exceptionally good opera on view at Ravinia, near Chicago, with a company of Metropolitan and Chicago artists. The "Zoo" Opera in Cincinnati is one of the most notable of local enterprises, and there are sessions of lighter operatic music in Atlanta and St. Louis. —R. A. S.

## PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

### *A Few Summer Classics*

THE usual summer slump seems to have affected the current player-piano record catalogues—also there is a "salon" trend which further limits the number of rolls recommended. The following, arrayed by companies, are personal preferences only, and collectors who have time will do well to hear almost all of the issues.

AMPICO

ARABESQUE. No. 1—Debussy. Played by Mischa Levitzki. Levitzki's Debussy is mercifully free from the affected fragility which many pianists—even good ones—consider essential to a proper performance of his music.

BARCAROLLE—Rubinstein. Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. The shorter piano works of Rubinstein have been neglected, although many of them would make excellent "novelties" for concert programs. This roll may be a surprise to those who know Rubinstein only by the Melody in F and the twenty-second "Kammenoi Ostrow."

SELECTIONS FROM "EILEEN"—Herbert. Arranged and played by Adam Carroll. One of the best of the Herbert scores, brilliantly transcribed by a young pianist who is a specialist in such matters.

DUO-ART

DANSE MACABRE—Saint-Saëns-Liszt. Played by Vladimir Horowitz. This sort of music is particularly adapted to the

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uncanny technique of Mr. Horowitz. A "must" item for many collectors.

WELTE-MIGNON

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HANDEL—Brahms. Played by Mettler Davis. One of those compositions that sound a bit forbidding at first hearing and grow on one after repetitions. A strikingly substantial offering for a June list.

LAUFENBURG (Helvetia Waltzes)—d'Indy. Played by Edward Harris. A novelty which may show a new side of d'Indy to those who are familiar only with his large orchestral works. —R. A. S.

### *New Dance Rolls*

THEY all seem to be good this month—but here are a few that you may like exceptionally well.

AMPICO

I KISS YOUR HAND, MADAME. Played by Vincent Lopez, "assisted."

HONEY. Played by Arden and Carroll.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN IS A SHACK IN THE LANE. Played by Wright and Johnston.

DE LUXE (Welte)

LOVER COME BACK TO ME. Played by Jack Wehrlen.

THIS IS HEAVEN. Played by Ford Gray.

TAIN'T NOBODY'S FAULT BUT MY OWN. Played by Vee Lawnhurst.

DUO-ART

A GARDEN IN THE RAIN. Played by Douglas Ralston.

I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING. Played by Frank Milne.

MY SIN. Played by Ralph Addison. —POP

•

### THE STORY BEHIND JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX

*[From Printers' Ink]*

In the private office of Herbert F. Johnson, president of S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis., there are hanging large photographs of his father, Herbert F. Johnson, Sr., and his grandfather Samuel C. Johnson. The grandfather founded the company in 1888, and on his death in 1919 it was taken in charge by his son. About a year ago H. F. Johnson, Sr., died, and now the third generation is directing the affairs of what is said to be the world's largest floor finish plant.

The present president has the two photographs placed so they continuously face him while he works at his desk. "Many an important business conference," he tells *Printers' Ink*, "is held in here by the three of us. When a weighty matter comes up for consideration or decision—and of course such is the case almost every day—I look up at my grandfather and consider how he would handle it if he were here; then I look into my father's face and hold a silent conference with him which seems very real. In this way I get the wisdom and the finely balanced judgment of those two great men who preceded me, did their work well, and passed on. And, getting it, I can proceed with confidence to do the task in hand."

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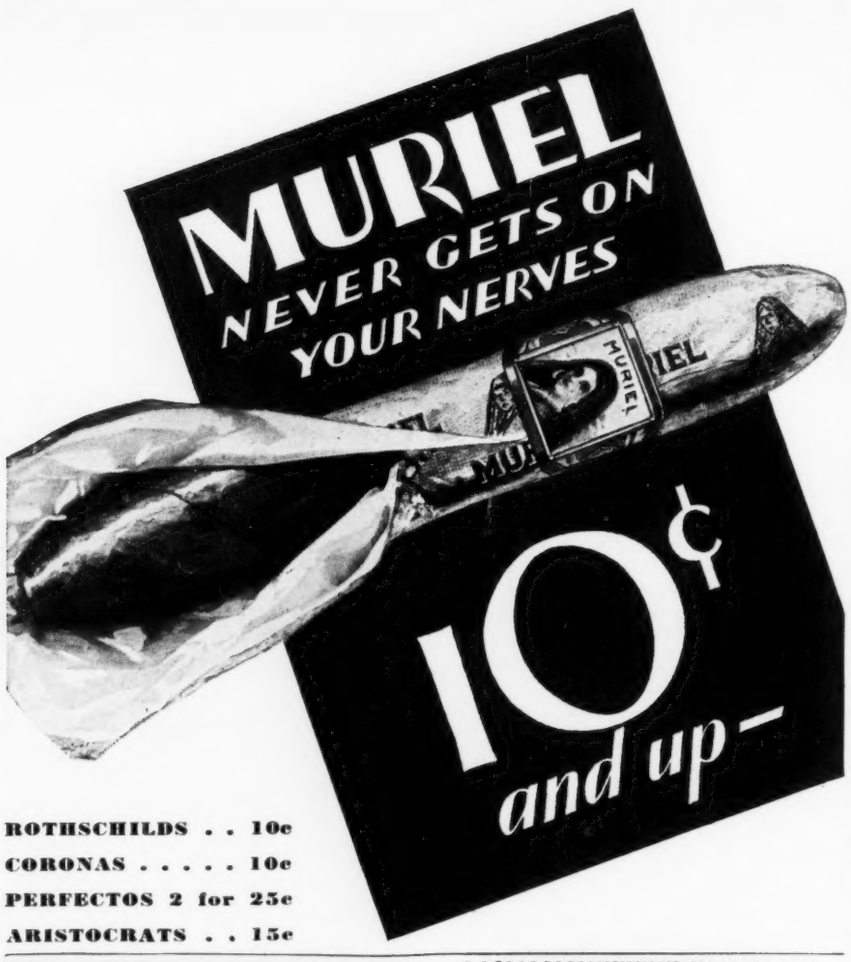


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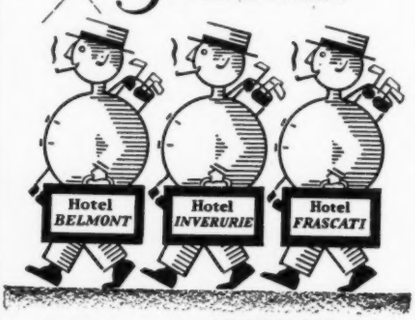


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# OUT O

*To the Open Spaces by W*
*—Lake Trout and Missi*

ONE of the best ways to reach the West in summer is to travel by steamer through the Great Lakes—if you aren't in a hurry, want to avoid the heat, and for reasons of your own choose to ignore the new air-and-rail routes. Cruises on the Lakes are a popular and easy means of spending a summer vacation; there are all manner of small lines with ships plying between the various cities. Concerning ourselves only with through routes, however, two highly recommended lines are the Great Lakes Transit Company, whose vessels run between Buffalo and Duluth, and the Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Line, which takes you from Chicago to Buffalo. The Juniata, Octorara, and Tionesta, of the first company, leave Buffalo every third day at 9:15 A.M. (Eastern Standard Time); then, in the following order, call at Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Houghton, and Duluth—all of which takes from four to five days each way. You may, of course, board or disembark at any port of call. The North American and South American, of the Georgian Bay Line, leave Buffalo on Saturdays and Wednesdays, stop at all main ports between there and Chicago, and land you back again in Buffalo within seven days.

ON either line you can get accommodations of practically any type you wish—single, double, or en-suite rooms, with or without private baths—accompanied by satisfactory service and food that I am assured is invariably delicious and fresh. Great Lakes trout, whitefish, and other freshwater fish are naturally the *pièces de résistance*. The best staterooms have beds, movable chairs, and dressing-tables; the equipment in no way resembles the drab fittings of the average inland-waterways steamer of your experience—and mine. Deck-games, music, and (perhaps too much) getting-together are all features of the entertainment.

The regions west of Mackinac Island are unfamiliar to a good many well-travelled Easterners and, in spite of the almost boosting praise of those who love them, they are well worth a

T OWN

*by W lways in the Air—*
*Miss the Local Groundlings*

try for the fishing, boating, and even sightseeing, what with relics of Indian camps, French missions, and the like. You can take your car on a Great Lakes steamer with no fuss and small expense, and drive from Duluth west into the national forests and parks—all of which sounds terribly organized and guidebookish, but, according to civilized people who have done it, is nevertheless a grand experience.

SPURRED, maybe, by the plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad to run a forty-eight-hour transcontinental service in arrangement with the T.A.T. (Transcontinental Air Transport), the New York Central has already changed its combination air-and-rail route from its original Kansas City schedule to a new one, as follows: You take a New York Central sleeper to Cleveland, fly from Cleveland to Kansas City, sleep overnight in Kansas City, and fly from there to Los Angeles the following day. At present, fifty-two hours is required for this undertaking, but the men behind it promise that there will be a reduction in time before long.

The Pennsylvania-T.A.T. schedule, meanwhile, goes into effect July 8, and in forty-eight hours you ride from New York to Columbus on a Pennsylvania sleeper, fly from Columbus to Waynoka, Oklahoma, take a Santa Fé sleeper from Waynoka to Clovis, Texas, and fly from Clovis to San Francisco or Los Angeles. The Pennsylvania sells its own tickets for this new cross-country trip.

As we recently pointed out, flying almost anywhere west of the Rockies is a commonplace matter, and once travellers get accustomed to it, they will be able to vary their routes in dozens of ways.

MUCH nearer home, and of greater interest to do-it-yourself enthusiasts, is the organization known as Barrett Airways, Inc., on the road just north of Armonk, New York. You reach it by following the Bronx River Parkway to Kensico Dam, and turning left on top of the dam. It offers additional flying instruction to those already qualified, short flights for the inexperienced, and planes for hire to take you wherever you will.

—FOOT-LOOSE


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# RECENT BOOKS

*Renaissance Lady—Poor Mr. Stroud —Vintage Wines and Bandits*

SOMETHING should be done to protect our sensibilities from women novelists. After three novels by three women we are just about ready to join the gentlemen in a detective story, where a murderer is a murderer, not a sadist, and where a detective is a detective and not an exhibitionist.

Of the three new feminine novels only one, "The Lady of Laws," by the German writer Susanne Trautwein, has any claim to distinction.

We beg you not to be discouraged by the fact that this is a story of Bologna during the Renaissance, nor by the fact that the Law Lady is a professor and a virgin. She retains her academic position until the end of the story, but she loses her other bid for notoriety the first time she attends a Bolognese garden party—and this literally scorching scene, in which she falls a victim to Bologna's military tyrant, is one that might make Miss E. M. Hull go green with envy.

The shining merit of Miss Trautwein's book, however, is not in the boldness of its drama nor in the vividness of its picture of Italian life; it lies in her warm human portrait of the Law Lady. Here is a cerebral heroine with emotions, an intellectual woman who takes a vigorous, melodramatic part in the events that surround her. The madonna of the lecture hall who mixes in dangerous political adventures on the side is an arresting figure.

WELL, it seems that all the Stroud men were oversexed. At a tender age Gilbert Stroud was slapped on the wrist with a carving-knife by his stepmother. That incident left Gilbert a bit of a sadist; it was unfortunate that it left him at all. Ethel Mannin describes her novel, "Crescendo," as "the dark odyssey of Gilbert Stroud." Gilbert goes through life looking for an orchid woman, a perfect flowering of a perfect species, and when he finds her he murders her in her modernistic boudoir, just as Meadows announces that tea is served.

"Crescendo" shows the terrible ravages psychoanalysis has wrought on European society. When two characters scrape acquaintance, they don't begin with: "Are you one of the Strouds of Montreal?" No, they start right in with cracks about neuroses and complexes. Miss Mannin's favorite adjective is "sensual," and she trots it out on every page; which is too bad, because, rightly understood, it is an apt and useful word.

For all her frankness, for all her insistence on looking at life unsentimentally, I suspect the accuracy of Miss Mannin's reporting. For instance, she has a New York girl of wealth and experience speak of "lady friends." It cheers me to think that Miss Mannin's picture of life in London may be equally phony.

IF you have read "South Wind," by Norman Douglas, there is no particular point in reading "Pagan Interval," by Frances Winwar; and if you haven't read "South Wind," why, you should do so by all means. Either way you look at it, "Pagan Interval" loses out. Of course, Mr. Douglas does not own the islands off the coast of Italy, nor has he a copyright on modern dramas set in a pagan background. Miss Winwar was born at Taormina and has spent much of her time there. Perhaps it is bitterly unfair to yell "South Wind" at her. Nevertheless, Douglas' book haunts you and taunts you, and makes you so miserable that you can get neither peace nor pleasure from "Pagan Interval."

IF you are going to Paris, Julian Street's book, "Where Paris Dines," will be more of a help to you than Baedeker, "Ten Easy Lessons in French," or "So You're Going to Paris." It tells you where to eat, what to eat, how, why, and how much. It gives you the specialties of the house, the name of the proprietor, the history of the establishment, and pertinent advice on the social customs of more than two hundred Paris restaurants. For all its lively tone, it is a most orderly volume. First Mr. Street describes the restaurants for serious eating, heading the list with six res-

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taurants beyond compare. He then catalogues the specialized eating places and the stunt cafés, even including those that go in for American food.

But the inspired part of the book is Mr. Street's guide to French wines. He parades before your thirsty eyes the choice brands and enumerates the best vintage years in each. He even —bless his heart—includes a table of vintages which you may cut out and consult furtively under the table, thereby making the waiter think that you are probably George Jean Nathan himself.

If you are not going to Paris, you will read the book with swimming eyes and hope that Mr. Street gets indigestion. To circulate a book like this in a country where dining has been ruined by orange-juice-and-gin cocktails and calory-counting is enough to court a revolution.

NOW once again back to the clear clean air of Chicago. "Little Caesar," by W. R. Burnett, is front-page fiction, with all its events snatched from display headlines. Rico, the gang leader, goes about his murders in an unanalytic way; he kills for business reasons. Rico is a darling. His fellow bandits are shot or hung without ever being disturbed by an inhibition, and unaware of the tragedy that their parents did not understand them. Just a lot of nice wholesome kids. Here is a good tale, crisply told and with the characters as real as taxi-drivers. Our only fear is that Chicago will be so over-exploited in literature that the real thing will be spoiled; that Halsted Street will soon be only a romantic shadow like the French Quarter of New Orleans, or our own Bowery.

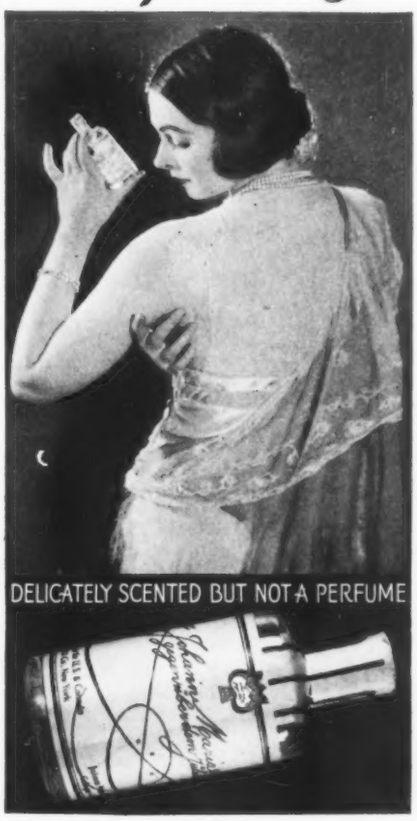
LIAM O'FLAHERTY's collection of stories and satire in "The Mountain Tavern" may interest you if you have infinite patience with Irishmen. Mr. O'Flaherty writes in the rather selfconscious folk-lore style so dearly loved by modern Irish writers. His peasant types are drawn with malevolence and spite, which is another trick of the literary Irish. —A. W. S.

•

At 2 o'clock this morning, Chief Griffen ordered his men from the field, but it seemed as if nature were to carry on a bit of gorilla warfare after the defeat.—*White Plains Reporter.*

Which is Nature's privilege provided she can furnish the gorillas.

To make you SURE of yourself

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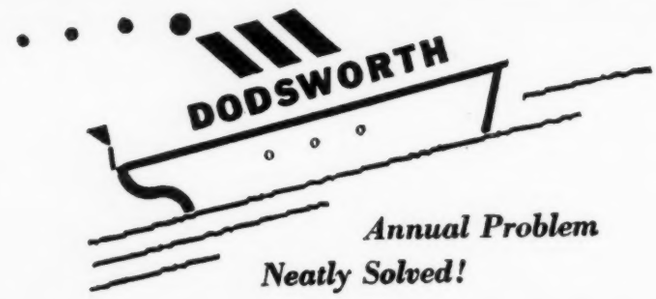


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## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

### FICTION

THE LADY OF LAWS, by Susanne Trautwein (*Elliot Holt*). Story of a vigorous and intellectual lady of the Renaissance; with bold drama and one fine character study.

LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). A go-getting gang leader puts murder on a business basis.

CRESCENDO, by Ethel Mannin (*Doubleday, Doran*). Complexes, inhibitions, and whatnots. Especially whatnots.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by Erich Maria Remarque (*Little, Brown*). The most brutal, the most truthful, and the most tragic of all war books.

PAGAN INTERVAL, by Frances Winwar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Modern drama against a pagan background, but not up to "South Wind."

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). If you have infinite patience with Irishmen—especially literary Irishmen—this collection of stories and satire may interest you.

SALT WATER TAFFY, by Corey Ford (*Putnam*). Joan Lowell gets what she asked for.

ILLUSION, by Arthur Train (*Scribner*). Gay and witty extravaganza of New York; and a good show.

TIDES, by Count Edouard von Keyserling (*Macaulay*). The tragedy of an aristocratic lady who foolishly marries for love.

THE BOROUGHMONGER, by R. H. Mottram (*Little, Brown*). English politics in the thirties made bearable by beautiful writing.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). A clairvoyant reading of the human mind, told in magnificent prose.

NO LOVE, by David Garnett (*Knopf*). Amusing in its lighter moments; not so good when it grows serious.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). Shrewd study of a feminine nitwit who unfortunately is allowed to live.

Less recent:

THE KING WHO WAS A KING, by H. G. Wells. THE GREEN PARROT, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. LOOSE LADIES, by Viña Delmar. BANJO, by Claude McKay. AWAKE AND REHEARSE, by Louis Bromfield. COLD STEEL, by M. P. Shiel. DARK STAR, by Lorna Moon. PENNY DREADFUL, by Malcolm Ross. MIMI BLUETTE, by Guido da Verona. MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacratelle.

### MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

FROM DUSK TILL DAWN, by William Garrett (*Appleton*). . . . THE WEB OF MURDER, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE STING, by William Le Queux (*Macaulay*). . . . SLEEPING DOGS, by Carolyn Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE FACE IN THE NIGHT, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . PERIL, by Lloyd Osbourne (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . BOWERY MURDER, by Willard K. Smith (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE GOLF CLUB MURDER, by Owen Fox Jerome (*Clode*). . . . THE HIDDEN HAND, by Carroll John Daly (*Clode*).

### GENERAL

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (*Simon & Schuster*). For those who would be better and happier.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan (*Vanguard Press*). In which a reporter tells you who shot whom and why.

ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker (*Macmillan*). Courageous attempt to make a mountain out of a molehill.

WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street (*Doubleday, Doran*). A complete and amusing guidebook to gastronomical Paris. Invaluable, if you're going abroad; heartbreaking, if you are staying at home.

A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann (*Macmillan*). Modern morals neatly catalogued.

Less recent:

ON THE BOTTOM, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN, by Lloyd Lewis. ONE MAN'S WAR, by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles. LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde. THE HOHENZOLLERNS, by Herbert Eulenberg. CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. THE FATE OF THE JURY, by Edgar Lee Masters. OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD, by A. Hyatt Verrill. DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS, by Howard Haggard. FRENCH FRANCE, by Oliver Madox Hueffer. MID-CHANNEL, by Ludwig Lewisohn.

•

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